

(See page 9)

TORONTO Price FIVE CENTS

## GRADUATE

Secretary in a dedicatory prayer, "enabled to bring brightness to those who know it not, and balm where it is necessary."

In congratulating the successful Graduates, Lieutenant-Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, stated that many hands were stretched to ward off her seeking Nurses. While there are about fifty Graduates in the Territory, the Colonel pointed out that the number is only half equal to meet the need. She hoped that the administrations of the Nurses would be blessed by Dr. Goodchild

God, that they might be enriched with good health and of untold value in their high calling.

Interspersed in the program were musical items, rendered by Brigadier Easton, piano; Staff-Captain Beer and Ensign Keith, vocal duet; and Songster Olive Ritchie, vocal solo.

Staff-Captain Ball received rightful commendation for her labor in connection with the training of the Nurses and during a social time, when refreshments were served, the Graduates were showered with good wishes for the future.

### GANANOQUE

Captain Ward, Lieutenant Toms We are experiencing good times at this Corps and the Open-air Service Staff-Captain have visited our Corps weekend and we had a glorious time. God's presence was very evident and SEVENTEEN knelt at the cross.

### BROCK AVENUE

Ensign J. de Lieutenant Clark On Saturday evening a concert of music and song was given by the Brock Avenue Band and a few other companies. Captain Barham presided and spoke encouragingly. Our Corps Captain and young members came to the front and rendered splendid service during the day. While our morning Open-air was in progress a woman told us how much the playing of the old hymns had helped to her, who rejoiced over THREE seekers at the Cross.

### SIMCOE

Captain and Mrs. Johnson We recently celebrated the re-opening of our Citadel, which had been thoroughly renovated. This has been made possible by the generous contributions of our members and friends. The opening services were conducted by Lieutenant Colonel Harrgrave and the Hamilton L musical party. Trinity, Rev. Langford, conducted the service. Our Silver Jubilee Festival on Saturday night, Simcoe's services were of unusual interest and attracted a number of old friends.

### WEST TORONTO

Adjutant and Mrs. Condie Sunday's Meetings, led by Bishop and Mrs. DeVosse, were sessions of festivity on fat things, into which the more serious matters of the unspiritual element. A former visit of these officers had left an indelible impression and their return gave great satisfaction. Bishop's own interpretation of the Bible and his happy method of applying its truths, made his talk exceedingly helpful. Mrs. DeVosse shared in the day's doings, happy fashion, and was much delighted at the hearty greeting with which the hearty friends of all ranks, God was honored throughout the day and he in turn enabled SEVEN to succeed.

CANADA

EAST

# The Christmas



# WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

No. 2098

Vol. 40



TORONTO  
DEC. 27<sup>th</sup> 1924

Heaven's Best for Mankind

PRICE  
TEN CENTS

**The WAR CRY**

**Christmas**

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda.

Founder... William Booth  
General... Bramwell Booth  
International Headquarters, London, England.

Territorial Commander, C. Sowton,  
200 Yonge Street,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Subscription, RATES: A copy of The War Cry including the Special Easter and Christmas issues will be supplied to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.00 prepaid. Address: The Printing Secretary, 29 Albert Street, Toronto.

**Greetings**

**GREETINGS**, warm and sincere, to all to whom this issue of the "War Cry" may come. It has a glorious message of a wonderful Saviour to proclaim and some fascinating stories of His infallible love and power to tell. We want every reader to be able to rejoice in a personal realization of His saving grace, and if this is not already a precious possession, we believe that with God's blessing these pages will, like the star which guided the wise man, lead the stirring soul to its Redeemer.

**WE** praise and thank God for His continued upholding mercy to our Leaders — The General and Mrs. Booth, the Chief of the Staff, and the Commissioners everywhither who share in the burdens and anxieties of the Salvation war. Upon them, and upon every partner in this fight—including esteemed Corps Correspondents, Heralds and Contributors who have so devotedly assisted the "War Cry" and its junior partner—we ask the blessing and favour of God in a special sense.

**HAIL!**  
**SMILING MORN**

**Hail Smiling Morn, and the King Whom thou dost herald.**

**W**E hail thee, O Smiling Morn, for the dark night is past. Thou art a messenger of good tidings of great joy to all the people. With the radiance of thy coming our spirit's eyes are eastward bent to that predestined trysting spot of which the scribe did write, "A Star shall rise out of Jacob." We would glimpse again some blossoming star in Heaven's infinite meadows that might lead us to another Bethlehem with its Treasure-Trove. Our souls were surfeited with lesser luminaries. These have been to us but as the twinkling of far distant planets while yet 'twas dark. From the inner recesses of our natures we have raised ceaseless cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" Aye, we were not the children of darkness, but of the light: we yearned for the Day-dawn, the soul's native element. In our search we entered the perito of Genesis, walked through the Old Testament art gallery and saw Jacob, Moses, Daniel—we stepped at Isaiah and found promise—"The morning cometh." With inspired hope we further went, and the Psalmist in his conservatory sang to us of lifting gates, wide-swung doors, and a King of Glory. Into the observatory of the prophets we made our way, and they all foretold of a fatigued night and a day-break near at hand. Thus with a virile breath of hope we bade farewell to the last of them all, Malachi. With gaze still eastward we continued our journey, ever expecting the fulfillment of the last prophet's promise—a Sun of Righteousness that should arise. Thus it was, O Smiling Morn, that the longing for day-dawn and sun-up propelled our weary feet along life's dusty highways. And now thou hast come, we hail thee and the King Whom thou dost herald. At His feet we vow Him our lasting loyalty, our heart's adoration, and life's best service. In His train we pledge to tread until the radiant smile of another and ever more dazzling morning breaks upon us, when we shall be ushered into the courts of everlasting day.

The A

**C**HRIST'S central place in history, was a prelude to the world's salvation. It has followed us, was not unexpected, was coming to the world, had pierced the heart of the world with its deadly fangs. It has been in mourning and in death. Man was created for night. Then came the dawn when God declared that man should bring the world into light.

Long centuries ago the patriarchs heard on Sinai, Haggai and Malachi their dreams, and waiting for Christ.

Mighty and glorious saw the Lord "I For unto us a Child is born, and the government shall be upon His name shall be called Almighty God, The Prince of Peace." Still the Saviour appeared.

The hopes of love, he thought, were despairs of grief and despairing grief and despair. Mary privately appeared unto him in a vision of David, fear not for that which is to come. And she said, "Call His name Jesus, for that which is to come from the sins of the world."

When Jesus was born in a stable, No Nazareth to be born in. No hood. Barring no priesthood with membership. No crown. "He came not in state, but in humility." A group of shepherds of the world, frigid reception, but most religious piety. More than a score of them into dislike, theings which brought the malefactor's death. The only hope of depravity more than the saving pity of the world. "He shall save us."





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# The ADVENT of the SAVIOUR

CHRIST'S first advent was the central hour of the world's history. All that went before was a preparation for it; what has followed is a result. It was not unexpected that a Saviour King was coming to the world. The Serpent had pierced the human family with his deadly fangs. Eden had been draped in mourning and darkness covered the earth. Man was lost in the gloom of night. Then came a gleam of light when God declared that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.

Long centuries passed. Antedeluvian days went by. The patriarchs lived and the thunders were heard on Sinai. Moses, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Micah, Haggai and Malachi saw their visions, and dreamed their dreams, and stood on the tip-toe of expectancy waiting for Christ.

Lightly amongst these seers, Isaiah, in a vision, saw the Lord "high and lifted up" and prophesied: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Still the centuries rolled on and no Saviour appeared.

The hopes of a just Joseph seemed blighted, his love, he thought, betrayed. But in the midst of his despairing grief as he was about to divorce his beloved Mary privately. "Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying: Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son and thou shall call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."

When Jesus came He found Himself an unexpected guest. There was no home for Him to be born in. No Bethlehem to protect His babyhood. No Nazareth to appreciate His matchless young manhood. Barring a few souls who were looking for Him, no priesthood welcomed Him; no church wanted His membership. No nation acclaimed Him as her very own. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." A great chorus of angels in Heavenly song congratulated the earth upon His coming, but only a few shepherds out in the pasture heard it. It was a frigid reception that did not improve with time. The most religious people in all the world never gave Him more than a scant tolerance which speedily deepened into dislike, then into jealous hatred, then into plottings which brought for Him, the Promised One, a malefactor's death. It shames us now to think of it. The only hopeful thing about it was that such depths of depravity moved the heart of God and gained the saving pity of Heaven. But it was in keeping with the predictions concerning His advent, the purpose of which is clearly stated in the text. "He shall save His people from their sins."



Let us, for a moment, look at the disease with which "His people" were afflicted and to save from which He came.

Sin has dried up the pools in earth's watered gardens and given the beasts of the forests a taste of human blood. Sin has blighted humanity and is the cause of all human suffering, mental agony and spiritual dearth. Sin has brought every grief and every sorrow and has built large cities of the dead. In

the beautiful garden where man used to walk with God in the cool of the day, the serpent of sin is now crouched under every fig tree.

But, glad fact to be repeated with emphasis, to save His people from their sins (not in their sins) was Jesus' mission in coming to this world. John said: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the Devil."

Jesus came to bring Salvation to man in this life. To give him clean hands and pure heart, thus to enable him to keep the great commandment of loving God with all his heart and his neighbour as himself. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John: 1-7).

But this does not include physical and mental restoration. We yet may make many hurtful mistakes, and we need to study to show ourselves approved unto God, even though our hearts have been washed whiter than snow. The physical man is still subject to suffering and death. Man still earns his bread by the sweat of his face, and women continue to bring forth in deadly travail.

Though one may be saved from all sin spiritually, yet there is still need for the physician, the drug store, and the undertaker's establishment.

But even though we are not saved from physical and mental weaknesses in life, to-day the wilderness and solitary place may rejoice and blossom as the rose. The garden of our heart may blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing. Our spiritual eyes may be opened, and our ears be unstopped. The spiritually lame man may leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. Waters may break out and the parched ground of our experience may become a pool of Salvation and the thirsty land springs of water.

The advent of the Saviour into this world means exceeding abundantly above all that man has ever been able to ask or even think. To believe that Jesus is able to save His people from their sins in this life baffles the faith of many. Nevertheless those who believe and have their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb are the ones who will enjoy the final completeness when we shall have perfect minds and immortal bodies in a land where nothing can be added.



# MY LITTLE WHITE HOUSE in the EAST

By CAPTAIN W. G. HARRIS, JAVA.

COME, rest a while on the shady verandah of my little white house in the East. Do you lack inspiration? You will find it there. Do you need rest? You may stay there undisturbed. Do you need a faith tonic? The remedy flows like a stream at the very gate. It is adventure that you seek, you say; then take this flying trip round Gibraltar, through the Red Sea, call for a drink of Ceylon tea in Colombo, make a good landing in Java, and then, after a hot and dirty train journey for a couple of days, you may arrive at the nearest station to this little white house in the East. After that it is merely a good day's jaunt! A few miles in a stuffy puffing omnibus, a few hours in a rickety native dog-cart which, by the way, is generally black and quickly makes your white clothes the same color, and then—the road ends. So you must walk. Shanks' pony will quickly take you inland, amid scenes of typically tropical verdure, and to points of wondrous panoramas and soul-stirring sights of beauty. The rice-fields rise in terraces on either side of the narrow path. The cocoanut palms—fine feathered fellows they are—are seen everywhere, and here and there little darkies gathering their fruit.

Never mind the natives, even if they do stare. They are friendly fellows, but it is a rare sight to see a white man on this rough track. Be careful in crossing this stream; you must jump from one rare and slippery boulder stone to the other, but keep your nerve, take the risk, and you'll probably escape the wetting you anticipate. Here, take my hand, and I will help you up the steep bank on the other side. Avoid the centre path on that steep hill; it is far too slippery to be safe; the recent rains are responsible and—hi, boys, quickly!—make for yonder tobacco plantation. There are buffaloes coming worthy beasts and tried, no doubt, but distinctly averse to white men. You must cross a bamboo bridge which has no sides. It is narrow and very shaky, but if you don't look at the rushing stream below it is quite an easy matter. Now through the shady bamboo lanes, round the corner, up a hill, and through a few more villages; now hurrying past the unbearable smell of a native market, with the usual hungry dog at your heels, and now it is only a sharp and rather rugged descent to this little white house in the East.

You don't think much of it? Well, waive your judgment awhile. In spite of its bamboo walls, which may tremble as you strip your razor, it is a wonderful place to me. I admit that the floor is only earth, that the roof is a trifle leaky, that there is plenty of mud outside; yes, and that the windows are only holes in the wall, but, nevertheless, it is our own little home, and the beacon-



house for Jesus in the village. Take that! The doorways are rather low. I think I bumped my head five hundred times during the first fortnight here but painful experience is a good teacher, and I am careful now.

The post comes twice a week—that is, if we fetch it; the nearest white man is some miles away, and will never trouble you, so if it be rest and quiet you want you may sit in the shade of the coffee palms or bamboo and not be disappointed.

But, come! Dinner is ready. You'll enjoy it, I am sure, especially if you acquire the palate for plenty of rice. Yes, the ants are a nuisance; that is why we stand everything on water-filled tins. What is that on the wall? Oh, that's a char-chac. Unsightly creatures, aren't they? but we never kill them, for they eat the mosquitoes and keep away malaria. Are there snakes about? Yes, but not many, although I killed one the other day about five feet long.

Now, I'll show you the rooms. This is the eating-room, of course. (Mind that trap on the floor, that is because there are so many rats here.) That is where we sleep, and there is your room. You should have a good night, for this is where we pray, plan and believe, and it is this room which helps to make this house the whitest in the kampong. It is the love factory of the district. The Lord Himself visits us in this room, to fan our spark of love into a burning flame that, blazed by heavenly winds, spreads the glorious message of Salvation, joy, and peace throughout this thickly-populated area.

Ah, well, good-night! I hope you will sleep well. There may be noises,

but please don't be disturbed. A rushing sound on the roof will be the rats. A baa under your window is our milk supply, the goat, or you may hear the horse trying to kick his stable down. He usually makes a twice-nightly attempt. The noise of the tong-tong only means that the village watchman's imagination has been stirred, and that he thinks thieves are about. Sometimes an insect called the tok-tack calls in a very loud voice, but he is a harmless sort of fellow, so don't fear him. A dismal dirge means our Mohammedan friends are attending to their devotions. And if you hear the creak of the bamboo door, at about 5.30 to-morrow morning, well, that means it is time to get up.

The native school stands within a stone's throw of my little white house, and so, with the rising sun, come some of our dark-skinned boys to school. Gaze into their faces as they listen during the half an hour of religious instruction, and watch them as they sing. Are they not an inspiration? They accept themselves very creditably, too. They are one of the charms of my little white house in the East. Soon after breakfast the daily stream of callers comes and goes. Some are people to sell their eggs or bargain about their rice; cute people these, who long since have heard of the love which belongs to the white house, and so try perhaps to ask from our hearts more cents than our purses can allow. A little troublesome, perhaps, this type of caller, and yet they make me love this little white house, for here is the place to win them for Jesus, the only strong anchor in this rushing stream of heathendom. An occasional beggar,

and then throughout the day come the sick, with their high fevers and ghastly sores, not the best of company, perhaps, but they make me loathe to leave my little white house in the East.

A few Sundays past a native man, dusty with travel, came to my gate and begged to be told the way of Salvation. He sought a true religion, and in a few hours the front verandah of my little house became a very sacred spot, for there he found it.

Yes, I thought you would realise it; this house has a peculiar charm of its own, it calls you from afar. There is nothing else like it for miles, no place so clean, no place of such happiness, no other spot where comfort is to be found, help given, Salvation preached. Yes, this must be the secret of its charm. Wonderful white house when, after hours of visitation in native quarters, long journeys in the broiling heat, crossing torrents, and climbing mountains, we come within the shelter of this little white house to treat our scorched skin and wet our parched lips, and find it so good to be home!

Only a bamboo house, perhaps, but its doors stand open wide to golden fields of opportunity, and there, in the countless villages dotted so thickly near by, lie myriad priceless treasures, jewels of eternal worth, living souls, possessions which even our blessed Lord hath covet. So I am glad of this little house, crude though some think it is, for it is the gathering treasure-house of gems, which, living in darkness, have never revealed their charm but which, brought into the light of God, shall shine as the stars in the heavens.

methinks the angels would love to be here and certain I am whenever I roam, the heavenly charm and insistent appeal of this wonderful work will call for my return to this quaint little home, my little white house in the East.

## Christmas Thoughts of Home

AT Christmastide, more than any other season of the year, our thoughts turn toward the spot which enshrines for us the enduring associations of "home." It brings together members of families who for the year never see each other, but who hail with delight the Christmas summons "home."

It asserts itself to men, who at all other seasons, are engrossed in selfish pursuits; they are compelled then, if at no other time, to think once more of the "old home," and seldom indeed, is it with feelings other than of pleasure. Home, sweet home, and never sweeter than at Christmastide! May the highest joys mark the Yuletide gatherings of all readers of "The War Cry."



## The EAST

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Christmas  
AND HOW TO OBSERVE IT

By THE FOUNDER

**C**HISTMAS has come round again! I have always felt a peculiar interest in the season. In childhood there were the merry games and the extra feeding, and in after years the family gatherings and the Salvation festivities. Therefore to me Christmas has always been more or less a lively time.

I suppose Christmas has been a similarly interesting occasion to you; and I am glad that it should be a season of gladness for all. So arrange your family gatherings. Collect the loved ones scattered abroad. Hold your Corps festivals. Shut out dull care. Trust in God for to-morrow. Bring out your music, and make merry in the presence of the King.

But, jealously forbid everything that is foolish and trifling, and in any way calculated to lead any one away from God. Let every pleasure be pure, and such as could be enjoyed in Heaven, and let every gathering be hallowed and brightened by the presence of your Lord.

Try, this Christmas, for *an increase of family affection*. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends far and near, strive to make the anniversary of the coming of the Christ of Love an opportunity for loving one another more.

Let this be a *Christmas of heartfelt forgiveness*, where there is anything to be forgiven. Next week I shall say, "Do not carry any bitterness of spirit against any human being into the New Year." This week I anticipate "the Old Year out," and say, "Do not carry any grudges, revenges, or other un-Christlike feelings over Christmas. Have a Christmas of Brotherly Love."

Let this be a *Christmas of practical sympathy with human sorrow*. Remember the poor. If you have no other way of showing it, send a trifling to the Social funds. They always need help badly. But on no account allow any poor widow, or orphan, or aged, helpless, or afflicted Soldier in your ranks to spend this Christmas without some extra comforting cheer. You pray God to remember and bless them; but you must remember and bless them yourselves.

Before all else, however, let this be a *Christmas of Solution*. That will make it really joyous; that will ensure its being a pleasant memory in after years.

Let it be a *Christmas of Salvation* to yourselves. You had Christmas when Jesus Christ came to your souls years, months, or it may be, only days ago. And He lives there to-day. But His saving word is not yet finished. There is still something to be done by Him in your feelings, in your imaginations, in your tempers, in your affections, in your secret lives before the work that brought Him from above is complete. He came to save you from your sins. Not merely to save you from sinning in the past, but from sinning in the present. Can we do anything better with this Christmas than welcome Him to our hearts and allow Him to accomplish in us all His blessed will?

But, my comrades, we must go further. I want you, more than ever before, to make this

*a Christmas of imitation*. Christ came not only as a Sacrifice for our sins, but an Example for our lives. What do we see at Bethlehem? We see there the Christ, come out of His Heaven from the bosom of the Father, from the companionship of the angels, to the humiliation of the manger, to the sufferings of a life of poverty and shame, and to the agony of a cruel death. And all to save the souls of men. Come along, and begin this Christmas-time the imitation of Jesus Christ in this respect.

The manger was the beginning of our Lord's Salvation career—the gateway to the road that led Him to the Cross; the embracing of all the shame, the anguish, the suffering, and the death that followed. In coming to Bethlehem, He consecrated Himself to all the toil and sacrifice necessary to the saving of the world.

Let us, with such powers as we possess, go forth to the doing of our share of the same blessed task. But to do this will mean our coming down out of our heaven of ease, or comfort, or respectability, and perhaps a great many other things desirable to flesh and blood.

As He left His Heaven, and His Father, and His celestial glory, so if we are to do the same kind of work, we must imitate Him in the manner of doing it.

So come down at this Christmas-time. Come down in the spirit of a little child, nay, in the spirit of your great and blessed Redeemer. Say to your Heavenly Father, "Take me, O God! Mould and fashion my future in the way that will best carry forward my Master's work and be most likely to secure the end for which He came. I, too, will be a Saviour."

"Like Him, saving souls shall be the great end for which I will live."

"Like my Lord, I will go in the wilderness and fight with devils, to rescue them."

"Like my Lord, I will suffer hunger and thirst and loneliness in order to teach them."

"Like my Lord, I will go to Gethsemane in agonizing prayer and intercession, in order to deliver them."

"Like my Lord, I will face the mockery and scorn of heartless, godless men, to win them."

"If called to the painful task, like my Lord, I will die to save them!"

You sing:

I will follow Jesus,  
Follow Jesus all the way.

That is good. Heaven loves to hear you; but only where the life squares with the song! Oh, again I say, let us all begin afresh this Christmas the following of Jesus. The Father will be pleased that it should be so. He will come to you. He will guard and guide you and, best of all, He will make,—

Your humiliation a glorious exaltation,  
Your suffering a great joy,  
Your conflict a grand victory,  
Your sacrifice the Salvation of many, many, many precious souls!

WILLIAM BOOTH.



# FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

*Fifty-eight Canadian Officers are Proclaiming the Glad Tidings in Africa, Ceylon, India, China, Korea and Japan*

We have many vivid memories of joyous Christmas seasons spent in dear Canada, but the happiest Christmas of all to us was that of 1921, when Mrs. Bexton and I, in obedience to the Master's call, arrived in Peking, China, as Canada's Christmas gift to these dear people.

To thousands of souls in this great land, the announcement of Christ's Birth is as new, and just as joyful, as it was to the shepherds of old.

May we not only enjoy this Christmastide but may we possess the true spirit of love. Let our motto always be "Others."

Yours affectionately,  
WILLIAM BEXTON, Ensign.

My almost soul craves one boon, just one; that the Salvation of the people of India to whom I am privileged to minister. My greatest problem is, how can I better exemplify Jesus to them? All I have said, done or written in the past simply emphasizes the fact that they will only be drawn to Him through that one predominating characteristic which differentiates Him so completely from their own objects of worship—His love.

Oh for a deeper realization, a clearer vision of His sacrifice, a further baptism of the Holy Ghost, that I might go forth humbler, purer, a more worthy representative—to turn the superstition-filled, custom-bound hearts of the people I love toward Him. Whom I love "more than all."

DAISY M. THORNE,  
Staff-Captain.

THIS Christmas Day let there be a whole-hearted consecration to the Prince of Peace Who reconciled man to God. Silver and gold, frankincense, myrrh, and other of earth's costly jewels, may not be ours to present, but within our possession are God-given talents. Let us present those treasures to Him to-day. The writer, some thirty-four years ago, in the city of Kingston, Ontario, made that consecration to God, and to-day the covenant made is as sacred a trust as ever. For so we shall bring blessings and the message of peace to others who sit in darkness.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Major.

CHRISTMAS is interwoven with memories of the past—happy childhood, merry family gatherings, and, for some, much needed service for others. We desire this Christmas, of 1924, to be a blessed, happy, and fruitful season to all our beloved Canadian Comrades. The coming of the Christ on that first glad Christmas morning has brought such joy and gladness into the world, and that wonderful atmosphere of Heaven into our own individual hearts. If you would really celebrate the Christmas season it must be with the Christ of Christmas enthroned as Saviour and King, living in your heart and bestowing His wonderful blessing of peace. As the Wise Men brought their gifts from the East, shall we not bring to Him, "the PRINCE OF PEACE,"

## We Remember You

WITH THANKFULNESS to GOD, INSPIRATION to OURSELVES and BENEFIT to OUR CAUSE

MISSIONARY Comrades, think not that you are forgotten. Truth to tell, you are often in our thoughts than you were when you fought shoulder to shoulder with us in this great Dominion. Then surely you were "of the crowd," but to-day you are distinguished members of our great Order of the Cross. Times beyond the telling, our thoughts travel to the outer rim of our world battlefield, and we think of you—and some amongst us do so with a curious blending of admiration and envy. True, your days are streaked with loneliness and struggle, but how glorious your opportunities and fruitful your effort.

Know, Comrades one and all, that though you fight far afield the influence of your devotion is as leaven in our midst. It is a stimulant to many when the Tempter whispers that "The fighting is too hard, and that health will surely fail," and urges some to "Mingle with Heaven's gold a little of earth's dross."

May the Gracious Finger of God touch you in a special manner this Christmastide, and may the presence of Him whose Nativity we commemorate abide with you in increasing measure throughout the years ahead.

On Active Service in Africa,  
JEAN AND A. G. ASHBY, Ensigns.

WANT to wish my comrades in Canada a very happy Christmas. I never valued the comradeship of The Army more than I do now, and at Christmas time, more than at any other season, one's thoughts turn to home and loved ones.

What a beautiful world this is, and what a beautiful season is Christmas, when friends, far and near, remember one another in a special way. At one such season since I have been in India I received loving letters and remembrances from fifteen different countries, mostly from members of our own big Salvation Army family, making one realize more than ever how rich a Salvationist

The people of India are receiving Him. Are you? Mrs. Gross joins me in wishing all a happy Christmas, and a New Year of Salvation joy.

ROBERT B. GROSE, Brigadier.

HOW time flies! This will be the third Christmas I have spent in China. It only seems but a few months since I bade farewell to the homeland folks at St. John's, Newfoundland. When Christmas comes round, however, my thoughts dwell more than usual on the home I love. But we enjoy the Yuletide season here in China very much indeed, for we always give a special treat to the poor people, and try to show to them the joy that comes to our hearts by knowing and believing in our Lord Jesus Christ. The Chinese have no Christmas like ours (excepting the Christians who have believed), for there are millions yet in China who know not of Jesus Christ. I urge every Comrade in this great war to pray that very soon every Chinese shall know of our Saviour.

MABEL B. PAYNE, Ensign.  
(Continued on page 18)



is. Best of all, "we're in the Father's care," and can rejoice together, though separated.

MRS. WALTERS, Staff-Captain.

60 HENG TAN CHIH HSI! Thus, and with an Eastern bow we greet you all! for these words mean "Holy birth happiness."

One misses the snow—the sleighs—the tinkling bells—the bright shop windows—the holly wreaths—the Christmas jollity, the secrets—the excitements—in which all are immersed, but here, in China, oh! glory to God! the Christmas message is sounding, and again and again do we hear the chorus:

"O! come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee."

As the angels sang, shepherds and Wise Men knelt in ecstatic adoration, so Christ's coming to the hearts, and into the lives of the Chinese, brings "holy happiness."

That every reader may know this, too, is the Christmas wish of

CLINTON AND DOROTHY EACOTT, Captains.

T is with great pleasure that I comply with the wishes of your Editor to send you a Christmas message.

Christmas is a time of thanksgiving and rejoicing. It is the time, when in a special sense our minds go back to the first Christmas in the long ago, when God gave to the world His dearest and best gift—the priceless gift of His only Son—Jesus.

MAGGIE MORRIS,  
Ensign.

WHILE you dear Canadian comrades are praising God at this season of the year for sending Jesus into the world to be your Saviour, thousands in this beautiful land of India are also lifting their hearts to God in thankfulness for this same Jesus Who is their Saviour too.

Jesus came to save the world. Is He your Saviour? The people are receiving Him. Are you?

ROBERT B. GROSE, Brigadier.

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MABEL B. PAYNE, Ensign.

(Continued on page 18)

He

"For unto you is born a Saviour which is Christ."

THESE simple words greatest event.

Prior to this a realistic statement of the situation after great human history had looked into the future, and had again the promise.

Finally, anticipation.

"We have seen" of the infinitely wonderful mission of our Saviour's life—men, shepherds, who, having glorified and praised heart and seen; "mortal angelic hosts as they said, and on earth peace, good.

So He came, divinely into the world to do His mission. Almost to say, the actual the long-promised Me vastly different from been expected. Many the Messiah would be on obscure and distant David's line, but of some good rank and superior. As a temporal King, he'd for a masterful Leader—One who would triumph of the Roman by conquest subjugate all the peoples of the earth. They a Messiah who, as spirit would convert to the truth all such as would yield to His power and utter all others. This though dominant in the minds of that at the time of Jesus into Jerusalem they were point of putting it into effect.

Many a prophet had a this joyous Dayspring, a Simeon, happy saint, who looked upon the Son of "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, act Thy Word; for mine eyes seen Thy salvation."

Many a prophet had a the Saviour, helpless and yet effecting there with a vision for personal conversion with the adoration and of the Eastern Magi. Who seen than the stable and manger? Yet the imagination of the celestial forms great contrast—true picture from an earthly point, but celebrated in angels!

A wondrously guided visitors from difficulties to the poor lodging, they found the Christ in His helplessness, powerful than Herod on the scope of contrasts, so entire life—human discomforts; blessings sublitation, halleujahs, was continually tinged of the Cross was on deepened until it immediately following the descended upon Him an illustrious, He was dallying, likewise, was His approaching suffer role into the Holy City of "King" and "I with His tears, weeping Jerusalem. He was mortal day heralded the

At the Christmas scene upon the beauty and man to think of Jesus as a recipient of the gifts of Wonderful Counselor, He causes us to rejoice at the Christ of Christians is.

He has come—come earth! Oh, may we whom He came, bring our gifts—the best we sanctify them for Thy mankind bears Thy true, "He has come!"

# TRIES

## *I the Glad and Japan*

of all, "we're in the Father's  
and can rejoice together, though  
ed.

MRS. WALTERS, Staff-Captain.

CHIH HSII! Thus, and with an  
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only Son—Jesus.

MAGGIE MORRIS,  
Ensign.

WHILE you dear Cana-  
dian comrades are  
praising God at this  
season of the year for sending  
Jesus into the world to be your  
Saviour, thousands in this  
beautiful land of India are  
also lifting their hearts to  
God in thankfulness for this  
same Jesus Who is their  
Saviour too.

Jesus came to save the  
world. Is He your Saviour?  
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I am in wishing all a happy  
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China who know not of Jesus  
"Comrades in this great war,"  
soon every Chinese shall know

MABEL B. PAYNE, Ensign.

Continued on page 18

# He Came

*"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."*

THESE simple words express the realization of the greatest event that the world had yet known. Prior to this glorious time no such positive, realistic statement could have been made. Generation after generation from the beginning of human history had looked with eager, expectant eyes into the future, and had again and again prayed and longed for the promises of the Redeemer of Israel.

Finally, anticipation blossomed into reality and the "we have seen" of the Wise Men heralded a new era. Infinitely wonderful must have been those first moments of our Saviour's life—moments of revelation to the lonely shepherds, who, having visited the lowly manger, "returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen;" moments of unalloyed jubilation to the angelic hosts as they sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!"

So He came, divinely appointed into the world to accomplish His mission. Almost needless to say, the actual advent of the long-promised Messiah was vastly different from what had been expected. Many thought that the Messiah would be born, not of an obscure and distant offshoot of David's line, but of some branch of good rank and superior standing. As a temporal King, they had hoped for a masterful Leader, who would re-occupy the throne of David—One who would break the triumph of the Roman eagle and by conquest subjugate all the Gentiles of the earth. They hoped for a Messiah who, as spiritual King, would convert to the true religion all such as would yield themselves to His power and thereby destroy all others. This thought was so dominant in the minds of the Jews that at the time of Jesus' entrance into Jerusalem they were at the point of putting it into execution.

Many a prophet had anticipated this joyous Day-spring, but it was Simeon, happy saint, who, having looked upon the Son of God, said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." So we see the Saviour, helpless and indigent, yet effecting the entire Roman empire, lying there with scanty provision for personal comfort, but with the adoration and offerings of the Eastern Magi. What lower scene than the stable and its crude manger? Yet the magnificent exhibition of the celestial regalia forms great contrast—truly a mean picture from an earthly standpoint, but celebrated royally by angels! A wondrous bright Star guided visitors from distant countries to the poor lodging, and there they found the Christ-Child, Who, in His helplessness, was more powerful than Herod on the throne. Just as His birth was a kaleidoscope of contrasts, so was His entire life—human limitations, discomforts; blessings, angelic intimation, halloohah. His life was continually tinged with suffering. The shadow of the Cross was on Him even in Bethlehem, and it deepened until it finally reached Calvary. Immediately following the baptism, when the Holy Spirit descended upon Him and the voice of God made Him illustrious, He was delivered to be tempted. His transfiguration, likewise, was glorious, but He then learned of His approaching suffering at Jerusalem. Again as He rode into the Holy City, and was adorned with acclamations of "King" and "hosannas," His hands were wet with His tears, weeping over rebellious, unlovable, sinning Jerusalem. He was a Man of Sorrows, and even His nativity day heralded the fact.

At the Christmas season, however, we like to dwell upon the beauty and majesty of Christ's advent. We love to think of Jesus as a sweet Babe—loved, adored, the recipient of the gifts of worshshipping hearts; of Christ, the Wonderful, Counselor, Prince of Peace. Such meditation causes us to rejoice and to be exceeding glad, for the Christ of Christmas is our loving Saviour.

He has come—come from the "Ivory Palaces" to this earth! Oh, may we who live this Christmas Day, we for whom He came, bring to Him, with adoration and love, our gifts—the best we have. O Lord Jesus, accept and sanctify them for Thy glory! Lead us on—on until all mankind bears Thy image and can say, in spirit and in truth, "He has come!"

# And Why

*"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the Devil."*

HE air was laden with a heaviness that was typical of the age; the little town of Bethlehem was wrapped in slumber as profound as the ignorance that prevailed throughout the land; the stars were doing their best to burn a hole through the darkness, as though in sympathy with the far-off star in the East that was leading Wise Men to the Christ. A few men watching their flocks by night, were looking for the dawn of day, while angelic choirs in glad haste came earthward on the gladdest mission on which the hosts of Heaven were ever sent. Music that had its inspiration in the heart of God thrilled the lowly shepherds as they learned, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The WORD was made flesh, the Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace had come. Emmanuel, GOD WITH US, was here!

Rome was beautiful in its magnificence, and magnificent in its beauty; its palaces were of marble; its avenues thronged with life; its buildings were the wonders of the world, and kings came to court the favor of the mightiest nation on the earth; but the Son of God, the Son of man, came to the little town of Bethlehem, not to the palace of a king, not to the society of the noble of earth, not to court the powers of this world; but to the poor, to the manger. Rome has its music and its poems, but it never heard such music as the choristers of Heaven gave to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem that night when Jesus came.

Why did He come? And why did He come as a Babe? Well worth asking, and well worth our thought.

He came as a Babe to link Himself with our humanity in its weakness, to teach us the value of infantile life. The world needed to get the lesson, and it has not gotten it yet as it should. There is nothing more helpless than a babe, and nothing sweeter. It is a little casket that has within it an immortal soul. Every Jewish woman of olden times, longed to hold her own babe in her arms, for it might be the Messiah, the Shiloh, the King, the Deliverer. In every mother's babe there are immense possibilities; he may be a Wilberforce, a Summerfield, a Wesley, a Booth; and he should be nourished and watched over prayerfully for the sake of what he may be in the plan of God who sent the babe. As God had a plan for the infant Jesus, and the Child came to do His Father's business, so He has a plan for every child; and childhood received its patent of nobility when the WORD was made flesh.

He came to the poor. Are you not glad of that? The majority of us are poor. It does us good to know that He comes to poor folks to-day. He does not enquire about the style of your house and home. He stands knocking at the door, and will come in if you will show the least disposition to welcome or admit Him. Oh, some of us want "Mansion style," others want "Colonial," "the Elizabethan"; but He never thinks of the style. He is not just of you, and how He would like to come and dwell with you! He kept it up all along the way, that whenever a poor man cried after Him, though he were blind and a beggar, He would stop, and talk with him and help him. Jesus was a friend of the poor, and came to show how riches of imperishable worth may be obtained.

But what is undoubtedly the great objective for which He came is summed up in the text, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." That is the secret of the incarnation. He came into the world to lay hold upon sin, to throttle that deadly thing that breaks hearts, wrecks homes, and digs graves. He came to save from sin and fit us for Heaven. Let those of us who profess kinship with Him tell out the sweet story, and let us see that men and women, young and old, may see His power demonstrated in our lives. Our opportunities are widespread. Daily we come in contact with people whom we must influence in some way or other. If we accurately represent our Saviour in our conversation and attitude, we can safely leave the rest to Him Whom we serve.

# AFTER MANY DAYS IN INDIA



HE Indian sun beat pitilessly down. Even those born in the country, whose ancestors had for generations past endured the furnace-like climate of this South-eastern portion of the great Peninsula, had spent hours lying under the trees or in any nook where there was a chance of escaping the vertical rays of "Old Sol."

The village was typical of thousands of others in India. Here was the inevitable temple, where the villagers brought their offerings to Siva, one of the Hindu deities; there the straggling, uneven lines of grass-roofed mud houses. A little to the right was the well, from which was obtained the supply of water for the village. From the village site could be seen acres of land under tilage, where the paddy (rice) was growing, and the least movement of air caused that wonderfully beautiful mass of green to sway gracefully—a picture once seen, never forgotten. Here and there, through the village, stood the state-dye palm, and yonder a lope or grove of thickly growing mango trees.

In scenes of such oriental beauty was found the squallid ill-kept village of R—, a village into which no Christian had ever entered, which had never beheld a Missionary, but which was under the sway of the Hindu Priest who came at intervals to perform some of the questionable rites pertaining to that religion, and to extract from the villagers contributions of money and food.

As the rays of the sun slowly slanted towards the west, there entered the village a group such as had never before been seen there. Four of the number were their own countrymen, but they were garbed in some strange fashion, with bright red coats, on the breasts of which were inscribed words that, even if the villagers could read, would convey meaning to them; in addition to the red coats, these invaders of the village wore dhoties, shoulder-cloths and turbans of Khati—the sacred color of India, and across the turbans a hand as red as their coats, and bearing the same mystic signs. With them there came a foreigner, a white man, and lo! he also was dressed in like manner to their own countrymen. Some of the men of the village who had had at times disputes with ryots (land-owners) had been to the Court of the District Magistrate, and had there seen white men, but never were they dressed in this wise. Others in the village, however, had never before seen a white man.

In awe and wonderment the villagers gathered round their visitors, who had begun to sing in their own tongue, and in the style of their own lyrics, some strange thing about a God Who was loving—not fierce and angry—and Who had given His Son to bear the punishment of those

By MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN WATKINS



First appearance in heathen village

who almost have convinced the listeners that there was some truth in it.

Time and again the Officers visited the village, and the report of these visits reached the ears of the Hindu Priest, who threatened all manner of dire calamities if they continued to listen to the "heresy" taught by the Mukti Fauj. After long consideration, however, the headman, with a following of villagers came to the Divisional Headquarters, and told the Officer in charge that they had decided to give up the worship of Siva, and that they desired to be instructed in such a way and manner that in due time they might be accounted as Christians. Great was the joy of the Officers. The Hindu temple was demolished, a small mud building was erected as a Sena Sala (Army Hall). The names of the villagers were entered on the Adherents' Roll of The Salvation Army, and Officers were appointed to the village.

When the heathen villagers turn to Christianity, one of the first desires expressed is that their children may have some education, for many of the parents have no learning whatever. In R— the usual request was made, and a Day School was started. Some short time after the commencement of our work there, two mothers died on almost the same day, one leaving a hoy boy, and the other leaving two little sons and a daughter. These children were in due course brought to our Boarding Schools, the three boys coming to B—, and the little girl, Gnananmani (pronounced Yabnamoney), to M—. The children grew and learned well, and in course of time gave evidence of real knowledge of the religion of Jesus Christ.

When I first came in touch with Gnananmani, she was about ten years of age, and was in hospital, sick. We learned that one day when the doctor came on his rounds, he said, "You are a brave little girl. I know you must be suffering a great deal of pain, but you are bearing it very patiently." Gnananmani answered, "Jesus helps me, Doctor Sahib. When the pain is worst, I pray to Him, and He helps me."

The doctor was much moved by the simple testimony of the child, and when he was leaving the Hospital, he spoke kind, encouraging words to her, bidding her always to testify about Jesus, and giving her a tiny coin of money—a two-anna piece (equivalent to four cents). This was great joy to Gnananmani, and when she got back to the School, she said to the Principal—"Mamma, look! I have got two annas. The Doctor Sahib gave it to me. Oh, Mamma, through the love of God, I have always had food and clothes, and God's love in your heart made you come to take care of us, but, Mamma, this is the first money I have ever had of my very own. I am so happy!"

As in the story of "Mary and her little Lamb"—everywhere that Gnananmani went, her two-anna-piece was sure to go! After some months, the

world-wide effort of Self-Denial approached, and the Adjutant spoke very clearly and plainly concerning the meaning of the Effort, and towards the end of the actual "Week" Gnananmani was to be seen going about with a very serious look on her usually smiling face. One day, she came to the Principal, and said: "Mamma, I've been thinking—I've been thinking about my two-anna piece." "What about your two-anna piece?" queried the Adjutant. "Well, Mamma, I think I ought to give my two-anna piece to Jesus in Self-Denial. It is the only money I have ever had of my very own, and I have been so happy to have it, but I do love Jesus, and I think I ought to give Him my two-anna piece." The Adjutant looked at Gnananmani and at the tiny piece of money being held out to her. Then, to her mind came the picture of the boy who had only five loaves and two small fishes which, when given to Jesus, fed a multitude, and she wondered how far, on the same basis of calculation, Gnananmani's two annas should go. She accepted it in the same spirit of love and devotion in which it had been offered, and praised God that the true spirit of Christ had taken possession of the heart of even this little one who had been born in a heathen home.

Gnananmani grew in stature, and by dint of perseverance excelled not only in her lessons, but also in all the womanly arts and capabilities. In due season, she became a Corps Cadet, and eventually a Cadet, all in the same institution to which she was brought as a little child. Then, as it is not customary for single women Indian Officers to be appointed to the Field, thoughts and plans began to develop in the minds of her leaders regarding a suitable partner for Gnananmani.

Readers will remember that there was a small boy left motherless in the village of R—, at just about the same time as Gnananmani's mother died, and that the boy, Joseph, had been brought to the Boys' Boarding School at B—. At this School, he was the youngest child, and became a general favorite. As the years rolled by, he grew into a tall, fine boy, and did exceedingly well in his lessons. When he had reached the age of twelve years, however, there came a message one day that his father was dying, and in haste he was sent off to his village. A few weeks passed by, and as the boy did not return to the School, an enquiry was sent to the Village Officer, who made answer that the boy reached home in time to see his father before he passed away, but that since the funeral, he had not been seen in the village, and no one seemed to know anything of his whereabouts. He seemed to have vanished, and no one had an idea where to seek him.

Two years passed away, then one day there arrived at the Headquarters in Madras a boy, tall, alert, with sparkling eyes and smiling face. After giving a respectful "Salaam" to the Brigadier, he said, "Don't you remember me? I am Joseph, who used to be at the School at B—." The Brigadier replied, "Of course I remember you, Joseph. But where have you been?" We have made many enquiries, and have never been able to discover where you went after your father was buried."

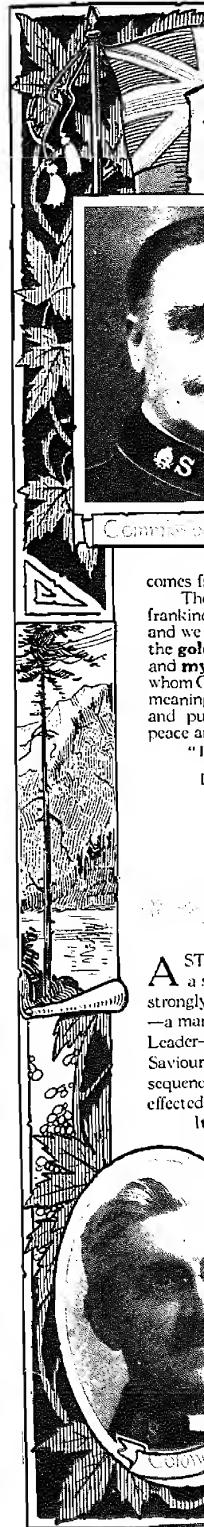
Then came the story of how some of his dead mother's relatives had come to R—, when they learned of his father's illness, and after his death and burial, they had practically compelled the boy to return with them to their far-off village. With wonderful light in his eyes, he said, "Now the people of the village have paid my expenses to Madras and back that I might come and be sent to send Officers to take charge of it." "But," said the Brigadier, when he heard the name of the village, "That is a heathen village. According to custom (custom, usage) The Salvation Army cannot take charge of a heathen village. If we had a Corps near, we could arrange for Officers to go there visiting the people, and instructing them, but we cannot take charge of a heathen village." Joseph replied with humility and yet with dignity, "Once it was a heathen village. It was when I went there, but I knew that after what I had learned at the School, I could never be a heathen again. I made up my mind, too, that I would not forget what I had learned at the School. I thought the best way to keep me remembering it was to tell it to others, so I used to get the boys together, and tell them all the things I could remember. Then sometimes the men would come and listen, too, and last of all the women and girls used to come, and every night I talked to them and told them about Jesus and how He loved us all. Now, all the people in the village, except one old woman,

(Continued on page 19)



"You are a brave little girl!"

who had broken His laws! What new teaching was this? Gods could only be harsh! And who, even if he were a god, would give his son to bear the blame that belonged to others? A daughter might perchance be given, but a son!—Never! Thus they reasoned among themselves, while each of the "invaders" spoke or sang about this new doctrine with such assurance and confidence as



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INDIA

When Denial approached, like very clearly and the meaning of the Effect of the actual was to be seen going a look on her usually the came to the Princess, "I've been thinking—my two-anna piece," "two-anna piece?" queried mama, I think I ought to be to Jesus in Soft-money I have ever had have been so happy to Jesus, and I think I two-anna piece." The infant and at the tiny lid out to her. Then, cure of the boy who had two small fishes was, fed a multitude, or, on the same basis it's two annas should be the same spirit of love had been offered, and the spirit of Christ had part of even this little brother home.

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that there was a small village of R—, at just Madras, his mother died, and he was brought to the school. At this school, he became a general favorite, and as he grew into a tall, very well in his lessons, of twelve years, however, the day that his father was sent off to his village, and as the boy did not inquire was sent to the answer that the boy his father before he funeral, he had not one seen, to know.

He seemed to have no where to seek him, then one day there in Madras a boy, tall, and smiling face. After "to the Brigadier, " "Who are you? I am Joseph, boy at B—." "Please, I remember you, you been?" "We have never been able after your father was

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age 19)

# THEY LEAD THE FORCES OF CANADA EAST



TO READERS  
OF THE  
CHRISTMAS  
"WAR CRY,"

and particularly to my own dear Salvation Army Comrades, I wish a glad Festive Season filled with the brightness of the Saviour's presence, and with that joy which

comes from loving, consecrated service for others.

The Wise Men of old brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Babe of Bethlehem, and we can still bring to the Christ of Christmashide the gold of gratitude, the frankincense of purity, and myrrh of devotion—then those around us, to whom Christ and Christmas convey so little inward meaning, shall see a beauty in Him as His character and purpose are revealed in our lives, radiating peace and good-will to all.

"I have not much to give Thee, Lord,  
For that great love which made Thee mine:  
I have not much to give Thee, Lord,  
But all I have is Thine."

*Eleanor Howton*

Commissioner.

AS we, this joyous Christmas Season, remember God's great and tender love to us, revealed in the gift of Jesus, may our hearts be drawn out in deeper and truer devotion to Him.

The Heavenly Host proclaimed the glad message, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," and we give God glory for all who have received this joyful message. But, alas, there are many who are still bound by evil habits, and who do not know where to find deliverance. Let us then, this Christmashide, dedicate our every power to Christ, and with greater love and earnestness tell out the story of His redeeming love.

Wishing every "War Cry" reader a Christmas of cheer and blessing, and a New Year filled with the presence of Christ.

*Eleanor Howton*

(Mrs.) Commissioner.

A STABLE—a manger—a charming mother and a sweet child. There is a picture that appeals strongly to our human instincts. A radiant Youth—a marvellous Teacher—a persecuted and forsaken Leader—a dying Martyr—a risen Christ—a personal Saviour! This is the soul-stirring and convincing sequence by which the Redemption of man was effected.

It is because of all this that we are able to wish for one and all of our Comrades and friends in The Army, as well as of that larger fellowship in Christ, "A Happy Christmas and a Glad New Year." And your happiness and mine through the days and years of our lives will be enhanced more and more as we show forth the praises of our Christ and King by our pure lives and unselfish service in His cause.

*Albert Howton*

Colonel.

WE celebrate another glad anniversary of the greatest event in human history—the birth of the Holy Child, Jesus. Just how much happiness that event has brought into the world it is impossible to imagine. To untold millions down the ages it has made all the difference in life and death, in this world and the next.

Let us all rejoice and be exceedingly glad, tuning our hearts anew at this time to sing the praises of our loving Heavenly Father whose gracious purposes for mankind have been so wonderfully fulfilled. Let us join in the song of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

I hope that this may be for all my Canadian comrades the happiest and the most useful Christmas of their lives.

*Korene E. Howton*

(Mrs.) Colonel.



# ENLISTED IN THE EIGHTIES





# *God's Call*

## THE GENERAL

# *God's Plan*

MRS. BOO

**A**ND the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ was the Call of God to the lost and ruined families of men. He plunged right into the thick of human affairs, into the very centre of human life and conflict. He came as the Messenger of God—He proclaimed the Word of God—He spake as the Voice of God. But more than all this, *He was Himself God's Call to man.* The kind of life He lived and the death He died—what He actually was more than what He did—constitute the great Call to us to come to Him—to know Him.

Many gifts and qualities combine to make Jesus supremely wonderful to us whose eyes have been opened. His miracles and His miracle-working power. His teaching, so exalted and generous, and yet so near to human need and life. His knowledge of the Father and of the Father's Will. His intimacy with man and sympathy with woman and gentleness with little children. His supremacy over all His surroundings. His dignity. His wonderful claim to be one with God—*'He who hath seen Me, hath seen the Father.'* His manifestation of self-control and self-discipline. His constant putting of His own judgment and character to the proof before the people. His readiness from the very earliest days to give Himself up for the Truth—a readiness which brought Him at last to death, even the death of the Cross. *How striking, how wonderful it all is!*

But all taken together, this would not have made the Call. Even all this might have been possible in Jesus without making an effective appeal to our poor wavering, weak, and empty hearts. Beautiful and glorious as it certainly is, if it were all, we are too dark to see its beauty—too dull to perceive its glory. Without something more to quicken and inspire, we should be little above the trees and flowers and hills that are surrounded by wonderful and beautiful things which they cannot see, cannot feel, can never know.

*It was His love that was the attraction—indeed, it was that which really made all else in Him draw us. It was His love that we felt—that touched our inner springs—that opened our eyes—that called to the good in us to awake and stand forth—that sent us strong thrills and inspired in us wonderful and holy longings. Love made His Word come near to us—made it so true and wise for us—so sweet and precious—yes, even when it condemned and hurt. Love made His Will our will—made it take possession of us—made it holy and acceptable to us—made the supreme prayer in our lives: 'Thy Will, not mine, be done.'*

Love turned Him from being merely our great, wise, faultless Example into our most beloved indwelling Saviour. Love opened our eyes and hearts to the secrets of His own union with the Father and with us. Love let the light into our consciences, our sensibilities, our reason. Now we know Him. Now we are learning to know Him more. Now we walk in the light. Now love casts out those twin sources of failure—darkness and fear.

HERE is something entrancing in the hearts of multitudes of children as the Christmas festi-

To realize the full extent of the salvationists it is enough if we strive to realize that the Salvationists and Salvation Army fanfare, where our Flag has more recently been flying, in China, in Brazil, in Czechoslovakia, etc. The Army Work has been longer established, the first time—will turn their thoughts to the Babe of Bethlehem, and overflowing with love, we do at Christmas-time to help others.

As I think of the Christmas time, I think of my own experience something of a family, and the home—which is love and shielding it—were instituted by God to help and train human life according to His will. The home and family is not for this life only, but for the life in the world to come. The Bible says, 'The household of God, in Heaven, of 'the household of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the world is named.'

Our Heavenly Father's desire where children may find it possible 'Honour thy father and thy mother' gave the mother a place of equal honour. We must think of this command in its relation to people, but it is not possible for children to honour their parents. If parents are to be honoured, it is as if to command the respect of the

Mary was a mother who had received her Babe as a trust from her mother. Every moment of His life was precious to her because she saw in Him what He was to-day, what she helped Him to do in the future years. It was the

How much cause there is for Babe who came into Mary's arms to safely reach the love of our Heavenly Father in His life and example and by dying in earthly home can be a shelter from mutual helplessness, mutual incease of Heavenly Kingdom; united joy! abound in the homes of men, but the Salvation Army people this Christ's message, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

# God's Call

BY  
THE GENERAL

Lord Jesus Christ was the Call of God to families of men. He plunged right into the air, into the very centre of human life as the Messenger of God—He proclaimed the Voice of God. But more than all this, He came. The kind of life He lived and the love He gave was more than what He did—come to Him—to know Him.

Combine to make Jesus supremely wonderful. His miracles and His miracles so exalted and generous, and yet so near to knowledge of the Father and of the love of man and sympathy with woman and man. His supremacy over all His surroundings claim to be one with God—*He is the Father.* His manifestation of self—constant putting of His own judgment before the people. His readiness from the self up for the Truth—a readiness which even the death of the Cross. How

would not have made the Call. Even in Jesus without making an effective break, and empty hearts. Beautiful and it were all, we are too dark to see its glory. Without something more to be little above the trees and flowers and wonderful and beautiful things which they never know.

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being merely our great, wise, faultless indwelling Saviour. Love opened our of His own union with the Father and to our consciences, our sensibilities, our how we are learning to know Him more, how love casts out those twin sources of

# God's Plan

BY  
MRS. BOOTH

HERE is something entrancing in the thought of the joy in the hearts of multitudes of children all over the world of Christendom as the Christmas festival draws nigh.

To realize the full extent of this is difficult, but perhaps for Salvationists it is enough if we strive to enter into the Christmas joy of Salvationists and Salvation Army families. Think only of the countries where our Flag has more recently begun to wave! In Celebes, in China, in Brazil, in Czecho-Slovakia, as well as in other places where The Army Work has been longer established, happy parents—some for the first time—will turn their thoughts towards the Manger and the Babe of Bethlehem, and overflowing with gratitude will ask, "What can we do at Christmas-time to help our children to know our Lord?"

As I think of the Christmas festivals of the past, I realize from my own experience something of God's plan for His children. The family, and the home—which is like a precious garment surrounding and shielding it—were instituted by Divine wisdom in order to continue and train human life according to the Divine plan. And this plan of home and family is not for this life only, but is the model for our life in the world to come. The Bible speaks to us of 'our Father who art in Heaven,' of 'the household of God,' and of 'God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named.'

Our Heavenly Father's desire is that every home should be a place where children may find it possible to obey that command of His, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' God's command at that time gave the mother a place of equal honour with the father. It is easy to think of this command in its relationship only to the children and young people, but it is not possible for children really to honour an *Unworthy* parent. If parents are to be honoured by their children, they must so act as to command the respect of those children.

Mary was a mother who had vision for the future of her Child. She received her Babe as a trust from God. In this she was a model mother. Every moment of His infant life and developing childhood, was precious to her because she saw it as a mirror of the future. What He was to-day, what she helped Him to do to-day, so He would be and do in the future years. It was thus she was worthy of His honour.

How much cause there is for Christian gladness! Has not the Babe who came into Mary's arms shown us a way by which we can safely reach the love of our Heavenly Home? Has He not shown us in His life and example and by direct revelation of God's will, that our earthly home can be a shelter from the storm, a place of mutual love, mutual helpfulness, mutual incentive to growth in the things of the Heavenly Kingdom; united joy! May true Christmas joy and peace abound in the homes of men, but especially in the homes of our dear Salvation Army people this Christmas time, while we ponder the Christmas message, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men".

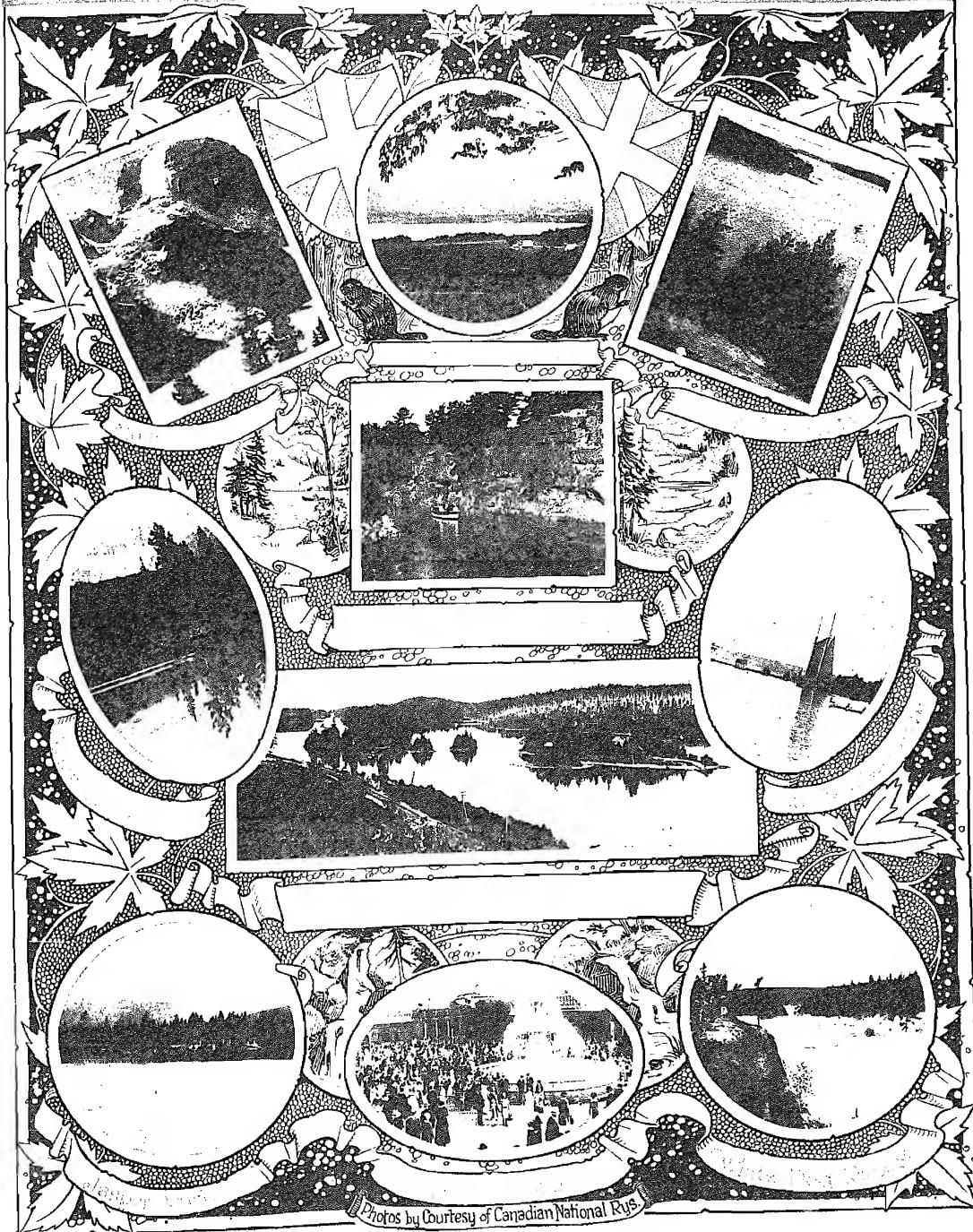
Mrs. Bramwell Booth

# Salvation Army Pathfinders.



ers.

# Canadian beauty spots.



Photos by Courtesy of Canadian National Ry.



## NUMBER 1

## Prison

EVERWHERE tide was in the streets—had invaded the snow and the mud seemed to be red Santa Claus because young folks in order stir up his general

But over in the gotten down and remembered as a 'L' by all.

After days of dawned, bringing The town settled festivities. But in his misery, found Christmas morning about him. The tuneful message, a chord in his poor booze had shattered out of his life. Sighing a card while

The Salvation

Christmas. God

Little attention The Army, except it again, it had a awakened hope, minded to learn it remembered him coming to The Air that night when of love he also to his portion.

Now, up in Gl Lamb and joining Old Bill thinks old Santa Claus to long ago.

## NUMBER 2

## The

JIM was a fine Yankee. He very heavy, Jim his dad was great promise, but unfortunately for him when he became weak—he was very weak—he was

As the Christmas very heavy, Jim his dad was could manage man way. Naturally, interference with it tempered and str which prostrated peared and, after dead.

**I**t is in this exalted artistry of human life that The Salvation Army nurse is particularly skilled. She is apt in that alchemy which transforms suffering into blessing by a touch of sympathy.

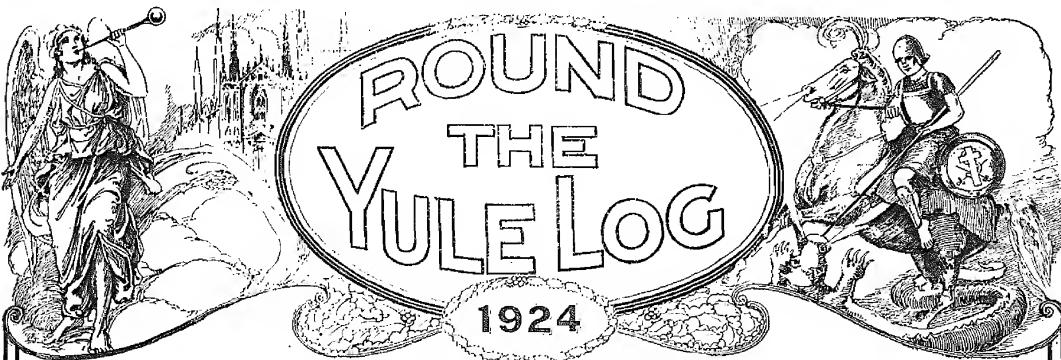
Wherever there are hearts that pine, bodies that suffer, souls that despair, or lives that are broken—she finds fit subjects for her skill. To the bedside of many a lonely and smitten woman she bears her pallette of sonz, sympathy and smiles, and adds therewith a beauty touch to the picture she is painting.

The canvas upon which she sometimes spends her labor is the heart of a wronged woman or the body of a handicapped babe.

In the watchful vigils of endless nights, and in the unrelieved nerve-testing hours spent in the operating theatre, she is attacked by the undertow of mental and physical fatigue. She would fain have someone touch her own pale cheeks with the cherry hue of health and restfulness. But the impulse of love bids her stand faithful. All about her may be the weird moanings of tortured patients, the gruesome sight of mangled humanity, the inarticulate demands of infant voices—but she heroically lightens the drab atmosphere with the tints of optimism.

All honor, then, to these splendid women who watch while others sleep; who work while others weep; who practice while others preach. In this life they may never see more than unfinished canvas, but the Law of Eternal Justice demands the straightening out of life's inequalities. And to those who minister in His Name, God will reveal at the Golden Daybreak the picture painted on earth.

"This sad old earth's a brighter place  
All for the sunshine of her face;  
Her very smile a blessing throws,  
And hearts are happier where she goes;  
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,  
To whisper love—Thank God for her!"

**NUMBER 1****Prisoner Set Free**

EVERWHERE the spirit of Christmas-tide was manifest. In the houses, on the streets—there was no evading it. It had invaded the town of X—, despite snow and the most hard times. Everybody seemed to be remembering someone else. Santa Claus became an object of veneration, and good behavior was promised by the young folks in order to assist his memory and stir up his generosity.

But over in the local Jail was Old Bill forgotten, down, and almost out. He was remembered as a "hopeless case," and given up by all.

After days of anticipation, Christmas Day dawned, bringing gladness to old and young. The town settled down to enjoy the season's festivities. But in the Jail yonder—Old Bill, in his misery, found no joy in the coming of Christmas morning, for no one seemed to care about him. The merry bells rang out their tuneful message, but there was no responsive chord in his poor, crushed heart for the booze had shattered all gladness and joy out of his life. So it was much to his astonishment that the jailer handed him a parcel, bearing a card with this message:

"The Salvation Army wishes you A Merry Christmas. God Bless You!"

Little attention had been paid by Bill to The Army, except to give it an occasional curse. But as he repeated the greeting over and over again, it had a new sound, and the message awakened hope. On his release he determined to learn more about the people who remembered him when imprisoned. His coming to The Army Hall created a stir, and that night when Old Bill heard the message of love he also found the peace of God to be his portion.

Now, up in Gloryland, whilst praising the Lamb and joining the grand Amens, no doubt Old Bill thinks sometimes of those who played Santa Claus to him that Christmastide of long ago.

**NUMBER 2****The Lost Found**

JIM was a fine big fellow and a typical Yankee. He was a hard worker and gave great promise of managing his father's business when the latter retired. However, unfortunately for Jim, he had a climbing weakness—he was hot-headed, and occasionally "flew off the handle." It was this bad streak in his character which got him into trouble just before Christmas a few years ago.

As the Christmas rush of business was very heavy, Jim got out of patience with the way his dad was doing things, thinking he could manage much better if he had his own way. Naturally, the father resented the interference with the result that Jim got hot-tempered and struck the old man a blow which prostrated him. The suddenly dispeared and, after a time, was given up for dead.

To cut a long story short, however, one winter Jim turned up at the Montreal Salvation Army Shelter after he had spent his money in riotous living. He attended Meetings at the Metropole for about three months, with the result that "he came to himself," and the lost was found. Jim had an interview with The Army Officer, and told a sad story. His parents were advised that their son was not dead, but very much alive. A cheque was forwarded by the elated father for the payment to get fixed up and come home immediately, and great, big six-footer Jim cried like a baby and took his departure.

Eighteen months after this event, a Hudson seven-passenger car stopped in front of

**STORY COMPETITION**

READ THESE STORIES and vote—your vote may mean ten dollars to someone and five dollars to someone else. These stories are not signed, as we want each story to be judged on its merits and not because readers know the writers.

The votes will be counted after January 9th. Each voter has eight votes. All may be given for one story, or so many for one and so many for others. State on post card number and title of story, number of votes, name and address of sender, and address to Editor, "War Cry," 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

**BE SURE TO VOTE IMMEDIATELY.**

the same Shelter and out bounced a tall, fine-looking business man. He inquired for the manager and the first words he said were, "Don't you know me, Cap?" I must confess that I did not. It has often been said that "clothes don't make the man," but it made a mighty big change in this fellow. "Don't you know me?" he repeated. "Why, I'm Jim, the son, or rather I was when last to Montreal, but now, thank God, I am Jim, the business man, of Brooklyn, New York, and in passing through Montreal on a trip, I just simply had to come in and show myself. Everything is all right and I am now attending church regularly, and prospects for the future are good."

**NUMBER 3****Saved At Drumhead**

DURING our command in Bermuda, the Citadel at Hamilton was closed for repairs, which necessitated "carrying on" in the open-air. Bermuda weather lends itself very favorably for such a course. In connection with these Meetings a chair was our pulpit, and the drum our Pulpit-form.

One beautiful moonlight night our stand was outside a bar-room. The comrades rallied and the opening song was lined out—"There is a Better World." During the singing I noticed a frail woman open a door come out, sit on the step, and listen attentively.

Finally, the comrades knelt in prayer, I gave the invitation to accept Christ, and four seekers came forward and found mercy. We were about to close and were singing, "He died of a broken heart," when I noticed this woman come forward with faltering steps. Placing her cushion beside the drum, she knelt, and there the loving Christ healed her broken and contrite heart, to which fact she rose and testified.

That was the last Open-air she attended. We assisted her back home, and the next day visited her, but found she was too ill to rise. When calling upon her from time to time, she expressed gratitude to God and The Army for carrying the Gospel message to her door, and asked the privilege of becoming a Soldier. This request was granted, and on what afterwards proved to be her death-bed, we enrolled her under The Colors.

On our way to the boat which sailed for Canada, my last act was to visit her. "I am so glad I found Jesus at last," were the parting words she uttered.

A few weeks later we received word from Captain Church, saying that our Comrade had died the River, and was buried with a Soldier's honors. Another redeemed soul sings around the Throne this Christmas because Christ was proclaimed in the Open-air.

**NUMBER 4****From Living Death**

IT HAPPENED in a British Columbia gold-mining town. The rush of gold-seekers had found their way into the mountains, and with them had come The Salvation Army with its beneficent influence, scattering sunshine and gladness everywhere. With the gold-seekers had also followed that dangerous element known as "the underworld," and just on the outskirts of the town these workers of iniquity had built palatial houses in which to carry on their nefarious traffic. I had just retired to rest when suddenly a loud knock aroused me. Answering the door I found a young woman in great excitement, breathlessly trying to tell me I was wanted and, hugging me to follow her. Having doffed my coat and cap, I soon found myself mounting the steps of one of these houses of disrepute. The large doors were thrown open and I was bidden to enter a spacious, well-lighted room. Upon doing so I stood in the

(Continued on page 19)

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## Make Room for the Saviour

by Colonel Cloud

THE chief purpose of the first advent of Christ was to destroy the work of Satan in the human heart, and in consequence to make the heart a throne for His own sovereignty.

Now the heart of man may be compared to the stable at Bethlehem. As a babe Christ came into the world and was surrounded by adverse conditions of life. There were animals all around Him, and the quarters were quite incommodes for such an one as the Prince of Peace. Even thus may the Saviour be born in the human heart. At the birth of "Christ in you," He comes as a child. He does not delay His appearing until the person is reformed any more than He waited for Bethlehem's stable to be cleansed. When the Word was made flesh He came in the form of a helpless babe, with all the limitations therein implied. He was born King of the Jews, even while Herod occupied the throne. He still comes in the same way. He lies down in the heart even in company with much that is undesirable, but in whatsoever heart He is born, let Herod beware!

There may be born to you this day, in the manger of your heart, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. If He has not already made entry there, prepare the manger, make room for His presence. There was no room for Him in the inn; He was crowded out. But, thank God, He did find a place, even if a humble one, amidst the beasts of the stable. Regard not your unclean estate then, but in faith prepare for Him a resting place. He will come, vile though you be.

Some reader may say, "I made room for the Prince many years ago." If so, what is your experience to-day? When Christ was born in Bethlehem an idumean usurper sat upon the throne, and all about were wars and disturbances. But there came an end of Herod's reign. When Jesus was born in your heart, He found opposition to his immediate ascendancy. There were selfishness, Herodian greed and malice, and a horde of beastly habits. Has there yet been ushered in an era of peace and deliverance from these annoying tyrants?

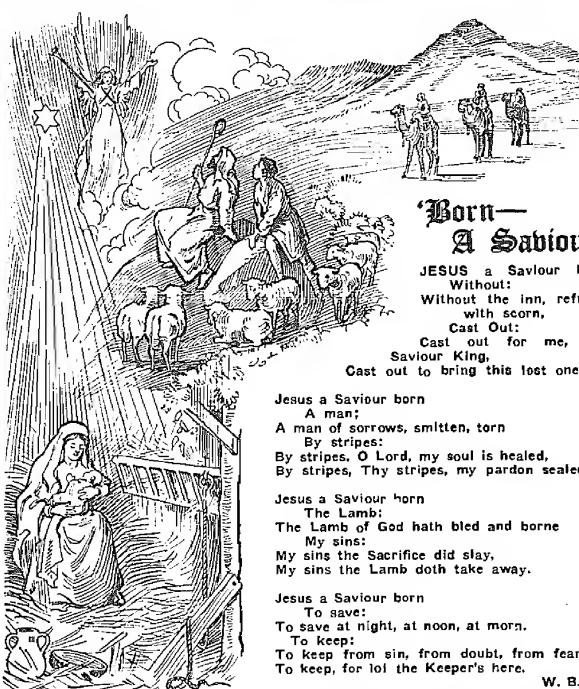
Within you functions that God-given faculty of conscience. Like the still small voice of an infant it insistently warns against the enticings of Herod, in fact it makes him a coward. He would like to destroy that voice. He knows that he

and Christ cannot long dwell in the same palace and be at peace. Let me ask you here—has the Infant Jesus been throttled by the Herod of your soul? Or vice versa? Let this Christmas Day be a time for spiritual retrospect.

On that first Christmas morning the Holy Child seemed powerless amidst those beasts, but around Him there sounded strange songs prophetic of coming glory. The star of hope, too, was in evidence. Similarly, when

gave his testimony as to how he found Full Salvation. After conversion he tried every way to live and grow in favor with God, but absolutely failed. God revealed Himself to him in a dream. He dreamt he was in a very dark room. His eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and he saw that the room was very dirty and disorderly. He commenced to try and clean it up and put it right, but the more he tried the worse it got. Then a gleam of light streamed into the room, but with it a greater revelation of its dirty condition. While thus in the act of cleaning, a knock sounded at the door. He answered, "Oh, I cannot admit anyone into this room in this condition." But the knock came louder. He then went

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He first came to your soul you were conscious of new victory, and yearned after higher things. There were aspirations after goodness, longings for purity. These new yearnings were gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh, attesting to the inborn Presence within the heart.

The Gospels portray the Son of God in conflict with all the works of darkness—hatred, envy, death, disease. He is yet in conflict with evil forces. He shatters idols erected in human hearts. He destroys death by the gift of life; disperses darkness by the gift of light; abolishes hatred by the gift of love. He, Himself, is Light, Life, and Love.

A great Holiness advocate once

pondered the story. There is power in it! to the door and asked, "Who's there?" and the answer came, "I am Jesus Christ—may I come in?" The dreamer replied, "Oh, I cannot let you come in yet, wait until I clean things up a bit." He tried again, but failed—yet the knocking and pleading continued. Christ said, "I can make the disorder order, the darkness light, and I can clear away the dirt if you will only open the door." At last, tired and weary, he stretched out his hand, lifted the latch, opened the door, and in walked THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. He dispersed the darkness, all became order, and the dirt disappeared. The man awakened with Christ in possession. Reader, Light, Life, and Love.

to the door and asked, "Who's there?"

## GREETINGS From Our MISSIONARIES

Continued from Page 6

CHRISTMAS greetings from sunny Rhodesia to all! A year's fighting for God and The Army in this country finds us well and happy. Our testimony is "We have pleasure in His service, more than all!" How about you, dear reader? Have you also this blessed experience this Christmastide? On that first Christmas there was no room for Him in the inn. Do you say, "No room for Jesus?" This will be the happiest Christmas you have ever spent if you accept the Babe of Bethlehem as your Saviour and King. God bless you. Yours in the light.

CAPTAIN AND

MRS. H. WOOD.

• • •

It is difficult to think of Christmas as enjoyed in Canada, when in this land we melt under a burning sun, and perpetually mop our perspiring brows. It is possible, however, here to enjoy the Peace of Christmases of which the angels sang at the coming of the Prince of Peace. May every reader at this season have a realization of that Peace which no earthly thing can disturb, and help to bring about that reign of Peace in hearts as yet in rebellion to our King. A joyful Christmas to you all!

C. MABEL BELL,

Captain,

• • •

CANNOT allow this opportunity to pass without wishing my Canadian and Bermudian comrades and friends a very happy Christmas and God's richest blessing for 1925. May you enjoy much of His presence and peace. At this period of the year my thoughts naturally revert to the past, and I think of happy Christmases spent in England, in Canada and Bermuda, and I praise God that in spite of the fact that I am far removed from my dear parents, from the friends of my childhood, and the scenes of my early Officer service for the Master, yet I am enjoying to the full the sweet companionship of the Prince of Peace whose advent we are commemorating.

Canada can count on me, even as I am counted worthy by our loving Saviour to minister in His Name in this Mission Field of Korea.

KATHLEEN HILL (Mrs.),

Staff-Captain.

• • •

MY this Christmastide be a time of blessing to you all. It is the one festival of the year that affects us whether we live in the East or West. Our hearts are softened as we think of happy Christmases gone by, of hallowed and holy times spent in the service of the Master, of the Babe who came to bring peace and goodwill to all.

Your thoughts and prayers are very precious to us in lonely stations at all times, but especially so at Christmas. Please continue to remember us at the Throne of Grace.

A happy Christmas to you all.

ENSIGN AND

MRS. SMITH.

## THE ANGEL GLORY SON

BY BRIGADIER COL

Australia

(Specially Contributed)

ALM on the air of fell the angel voices, their lonely vigil on the wide and the rude shopboards.

The song of peace, "Peace and good-will to men," whilst

symbolized guidance and hope,

the Prince to bring peace,

"Peace and Good-will."

And what was the burden

Angels' Song? And what was

the significance of the Star?

The song of peace, "Peace and good-will to men," whilst

symbolized guidance and hope,

the Prince to bring peace,

"The wrong shall fail,

The right prevail."

"Peace." How comforting the song is music and heaven in our imagination conjures up and delights, a cloudless sky, laughing with a harvest, peaceful hamlet and vale, cattle upon the upland undisturbed pursuing their labors, no war and clangor of armament affrighting the people with dread.

The song and the angels' song, men dreaming, "dreaming of peace in the workshop, the ending of misunderstandings between man and man; peace in the State, parties in unholly rivalry no longer but all men's good each man's peace with the nations, this no longer to be the cause of unbearable horror. But beautiful as these dreams, and compassed are by the Angels' words, far short of what Christ's voices. The peace He gives is superficial, but radical; it means of all, peace in man, peace in the centre of things." The best nation, after all, is not so much of the head, but that of the heart. "Naked knowledge," said writer, "makes the heart holy." never makes the heart holy."

His Great Purpose

To teach men to love each other, to deal justly, to love mercy, to eat bread in their sympathies and in their deeds, was the spirit of the Christ-Man's life. Unfailingly, the wealth of generosity, the virtues of beneficence oft-times the "slimy and stagnant" selfishness.

Let the spirit of Christmas fill the hearts of all our readers, fountains of benevolence gushing forth, fertilising the arid plains of avarice, rehiving the necessities of the poor, drying up the tears of the weeping, pouring in the oil of gladness into breaking hearts. Aye, those smitten by the late war, wounded, the mothers and the children!

If we have money, "It may be the snow-white robes of an angel pass out into the streets, and up little children in its arms, the Saviour's work." It is the transformation of wealth that where it goes and the bosom which it springs!

Then three cheers for Christmas! How apt the words of a trans- man: "I am as light as a feather, as happy as a school boy." A Christmas to everybody. A New Year to all the world.

REETINGS  
from Our  
SIONARIES

Continued from Page 6

MAS greetings from Sun-  
desia to all! A year's  
ing for God and The Army  
try finds us well and hap-  
testimony is "We have  
His service, more than  
about you, dear reader?  
also this blessed ex-  
christmas-tide? On that first  
there was no room for  
the inn. Do you say, "No  
Jesus"? This will be the  
christmas you have ever  
you accept the Babe of  
ns your Saviour and King.  
you. Yours in the light,  
TAIN AND  
MRS. H. WOOD.

is difficult to think of  
christmas as enjoyed in  
a made, when in this land  
melt under a burning  
and perpetually rub our  
sprouting brows. It is pos-  
sible, however, here to enjoy  
Peace of Christmas of  
which the angels sang at the  
ing of the Prince of  
ce. May every reader in  
season have a realization  
that Peace which no earth-  
thing can disturb, and  
to bring about that reign  
Peace in hearts as yet in  
all to our King. A joy-  
Christmas to you all!

C. MADELL,  
Captain,

CANNOT allow this opportunity to pass without wishing my Canadian and Indian comrades and friends a very happy Christmas and God's richest blessing for 1925. May you enjoy the peace of His presence and grace. At this period of the year my thoughts naturally revert to the past, and I think of the happy Christmases spent in England, in Canada and India, and I praise God in spite of the fact that I was far removed from my dear friends, from the friends of childhood, and the scenes of my early Officer service for Master, yet I am enjoying to the full the sweet com-  
panionship of the Prince of  
ce whose advent we are memorating.

ada can count on me,  
as I am counted worthy  
of your loving Saviour to  
ister in His Name in  
Mission Field of Korea.

ATHLEEN HILL (Mrs.),  
Staff-Captain.

this Christmastide be a  
of blessing to you all. It  
the one festival of the  
fects us whether we live  
or West. Our hearts are  
we think of happy Christ-  
ay, of hallowed and holy  
in the service of the  
the Babe who came to  
and goodwill to all.

oughts and prayers are  
us to us in lonely stations  
es, but especially so at  
Please continue to re-  
at the Throne of Grace.  
Christmas to you all.

NSIGN AND

MRS. SMITH.

## THE ANGELS' GLORY SONG

BY BRIGADIER COLVIN,  
Australia

(Specially Contributed)

CALM on the air of night  
fell the angel voices, startling  
the rudo shepherds keeping  
their lonely vigil on the wide stretches  
of the Judean plains, "those pastur-  
lands around Bethlehem, where  
in days gone by David had tended his  
father's sheep, and Amos had driven  
his herds and dressed his sycamores.  
The air became vibrant with melody,  
an angel form stood before them. The  
sky was filled with seraphim beings,  
enchanting music made the  
heavens ring, whilst out of the sleeve  
of darkness shone the star; His star.  
Peace and Goodwill

And what was the burden of the  
Angels' Song? And what was the sig-  
nificance of the Star?

The song of peace, "Peace on earth  
and good-will to men," whilst the star  
symbolized guidance and hope.

Christ came to bring peace. He is  
the "Prince of Peace."

The wrong shall fall,

The right prevail."

"Peace" How comforting the word.  
There is music and heaven in it. How  
our imagination conjures up a thousand  
delights, a cloudless sky, fields  
laughing with a harvest, peace in  
hamlet and vale, cattle upon the hills,  
workmen undisturbed pursuing their  
labors, no war and clangor of battle  
affrighting the people with dread any-  
where.

The song and the angels have set  
men dreaming, "dreaming of peace in  
the workshop, the ending of unhappy  
misunderstandings between master  
and man; peace in the State, rival  
parties in unholy rivalry no longer,  
but all men's good each man's rule;  
peace betwixt the nations, the sword  
no longer to be the cause of unspeakable  
horror. But beautiful as are all  
these dreams, and compassed as they  
are by the Angels' words, they fall  
far short of what Christ's gift in-  
volves. The peace He gives is not  
superficial, but radical; it means, first  
of all, peace in man, peace at the  
centre of things." The best education  
after all, is not so much that  
of the head, but that of the heart.  
"Naked knowledge," said an old  
writer, "makes the head giddy, but  
never makes the heart holy."

### His Great Purpose

To teach men to love each other,  
to deal justly, to love mercy, to be  
broad in their sympathies and generous  
in their deeds, was the purpose  
of the Christ-Man's life. Unfortunately,  
the wealth of generosity, the treasures  
of beneficence oft-times circulate in  
the slimy and stagnant pools of  
selfishness."

Let the spirit of Christmas possess  
the hearts of all our readers; the  
fountain of benevolence gush forth,  
fertilizing the arid plains of selfishness,  
relieving the necessities of the  
poor, drying up the tears of the sor-  
rowful, pouring in the oil of comfort  
into breaking hearts. Aye, remember  
those smitten by the late war, the  
wounded, the mothers and fathers,  
the children!

If we have money, "it may put on  
the snow-white robes of an angel, and  
pass out into the streets, and gather  
up little children in its arms, and do  
the Saviour's work." It is this last  
transformation of wealth that brings  
the most blessedness to the place  
where it goes and the bosom from  
which it springs!

Then three cheers for Christmas.  
How apt the words of a transformed  
man: "I am as light as a feather. I  
am as happy as an angel; I am as  
merry as a school boy." A Merry  
Christmas to everybody. A Happy  
New Year to all the world.

## YULE STORY COMPETITION

See Page 17 and Register Your Findings before January 9th

presence of a tragedy, for at my feet  
a man lay dead, and on a long bough  
there lay a young woman in what I  
thought were the throes of death.  
The young man, who lay dead, had  
shot her four times. I approached  
the woman, and while I knelt by  
her side, she cried out, "O Captain!  
am I dying? If I am, for God's sake  
take me out of here! Don't let me die  
in this place; it is hell!" Until the  
doctor came I prayed with her, and  
around us were gathered eight other  
girls who likewise knelt and prayed.  
The young woman did not die. She  
promised us to have done forever  
with a life of vice; she returned to  
her mother and is now a good  
Christian woman. But how very near  
she came to losing her soul that  
Christmas-time of long ago!

### NUMBER 5

#### Imagination?

CERTAIN Officer, still loyally  
doing his bit, suffered severely  
from asthma. When he was ad-  
mitted for the work his doctor told  
him he'd be dead within a year.

It is reported of this Officer  
that on one occasion he and his Lieutenant  
were specially at a strange  
Corps and were billeted with an  
Army friend. It was a hot night, and  
the Captain's asthma was very bad.  
He went to bed, but lay awake a long  
time gasping for breath, until he  
really thought he was dying. He woke  
his Lieutenant and asked him to  
please hurry up and open the window  
and get some fresh air into the room,  
as he was almost suffocated. The Lieutenant, half asleep and in  
total darkness, rose and tried to locate  
the window. He was so long in doing  
so that the Captain urged him to  
make haste or he'd be dead. The Lieutenant  
at last got his hands on the  
glass window but for the life of  
him he could not raise it. The Captain  
repeated again and again his de-  
mand for quick action before he passed  
away, and on being told by the  
Lieutenant that he couldn't raise the  
sash, demanded that he smash the  
glass. This the Lieutenant did, and  
with a sick of intense relief the Captain  
breathed in the life-giving ozone  
and was soon asleep.

In the morning, they found that it  
was the glass front of the bookcase  
that had suffered!

The explanations to the kind host  
ess in the morning were made with  
some difficulty, as it was manifestly  
impossible for the Captain to account  
for the fresh air invasion, unless he  
admitted that his lively imagination  
had kept him in the land of the living.

### NUMBER 6

#### Love's Gift

LAST—Christmas morning.  
The children danced with glee  
because the Mysterious Visitor  
had come. He had brought presents  
and toys, "just what I asked for."  
But here is a parcel the postman has  
brought. Whatever can it be? When  
opened, the parcel was found to contain  
a rag doll, a few small decorations,  
and a card of greeting. They  
came from "grandma." She was not  
out, grandmother by natural rela-  
tionship but, what is much better, by  
affection, but, what is much better, by  
the bond of love between her and the  
little ones she was trying to please.

She was poor, getting quite old, and  
slightly bent by hard work. The  
rag doll had cost her much  
and its market value was very little, but  
love's sacrifice had been great. No

present was more appreciated than  
this one, and it took first place  
amongst the presents of that day be-  
cause "grandma" was so dearly loved.  
Although she was poor, she was kind  
and good, and she gave her best out  
of a heart of love.

Many of us receive gifts from  
friends at Christmas time, and we  
entertain loving thoughts of the  
giver. God "so loved" that He gave  
Jesus, the choicest Gift of Heaven,  
to become the Friend of sinners. Yet  
how poorly we seem to express our  
gratitude for His gift, which is so  
priceless and to the whole world.

haustion, consequent upon his whole-  
sale imbibings, but this desire to  
listen to the Salvationists was some-  
thing new, and gave the woman  
cause for wonderment.

Suddenly, getting up on to his knees  
and putting his hands together, the  
drunk-slayer said, "Marl — Mary — a  
Saviour — Christ — my — Lord! My  
— Saviour! — Have — mercy — on — me!"  
and fell into her arms. His spirit had  
flown!

## AFTER MANY DAYS

(Continued from page 8)

are Christians. They have given up  
worshipping in the temple, and they  
serve the true God. Oh, Brigadier,  
won't you come and see for yourself?  
The Brigadier went, and found that  
it was even as Joseph had said. The  
whole village, with the exception of  
one woman, had forsaken their idol-  
worship, and had turned to the living  
God. Officers were soon appointed,  
and from that village there has gone  
out to the surrounding villages such  
influence as has caused enquiries to  
be made, and an appeal to be sent  
to the Headquarters, stating that  
"The people in your village are hap-  
pier and better than we are. Come  
and teach us also, that some day per-  
haps we may be allowed to be called  
Christians."

Joseph was brought back to School.  
He resumed his studies, and in due  
course entered the Training Home,  
and after passing creditably through  
a term of Cadetship, was commis-  
sioned as a Lieutenant in the Telugu  
Field.

On Christmas Day, 19—, there was  
great excitement among the Officers  
and Soldiers at N—, for a marriage  
had been arranged for that day and  
place, and there we see Joseph and  
Gnanamani pledging their fidelity to  
each other, according to the rites of  
our beloved Army.

We cannot further follow them,  
but if you could visit a certain Sal-  
vation Army centre near the coast of  
the Bay of Bengal, you would find a  
happy, successful young Captain, with  
a bonnie, bright little wife, spending  
and being spent for those who are in  
the dense darkness of heathenism.  
Methinks too, that the same words  
that came to my mind would also



"Don't you remember me?" he asked,  
"I am Joseph."

"Come to yours—" Cast thy bread upon  
the waters; for thou shalt find it  
after many days."

# A PIECE OF CALM HEROISM.

She was a Swedish girl and a member of a band of brave-hearted, love-inspired Salvation Army Officers bound for the East.

At first she was occupied with the ordinary routine of life afloat in much the same way as were her comrades. The sweet rest of a soul obedient to the vision was hers, and her happy face spoke of a dancing heart.

As the days winged their flight and the waters of the Indian Ocean began to splash and spray about the ship's sides as if welcoming an old friend, a change came over the young missionary girl. She seemed to court solitude, and would pace the deck deeply wrapped in thought, as if meditating some difficult problem.

Her changed expression and demeanor attracted the attention of a Staff Officer traveling on the same vessel. He had recognised the change, had noticed her bewildered expression. To him, it all seemed to indicate some inward battle. What it might be he could only conjecture. Was she thinking of hardships ahead, to which the ship with every stroke of its mighty engines was taking her? Perhaps her thoughts were in her Homeland? Some fears, it may be, were battling for possession of her? She might be in need of counsel? He must try to help her!

Grasping a convenient opportunity, the Major approached her. "You seem to have some trouble," he said in kindly tones. "Can I help you?"

"Thank you," she answered, "but I am afraid you cannot. Not just now. Leave me alone a little while."

Mystified, the Major left her, but thinking she might unfold her difficulty to him if she had a further opportunity, he later again offered his help, only, however, to be met by a similar response.

Accident, however, brought him to her side one day as she stood leaning over the ship's rail with her round fur Swedish cap in her hand, tightly gripped.

It was the kind of cap Swedish women Salvationists wear in the cold, winter months. In the land to which she was going, she would have no use for it.

Twice the Major had seen her in this attitude.

Apologetic for his intrusion, he would have withdrawn, but she stopped him. The cloud had lifted from her face, and a calm resolution seemed to have taken its place. The struggle, then, was over! Had it been victory for her?

"You may stop now," she said.

And there she stood, that young, brave figure, with her arm stretched out, holding above the waters in a tight grasp, the fur cap.

Let us pause for a moment to take a glimpse of the battle that had been raging within the breast of our girl missionary, for a conflict there had been, as fierce as any that ever raged within the human breast.

Her thoughts had been far away across the waters, in her dear homeland. Again she had

seen the familiar homestead—the beautiful home of comfort she had sacrificed. Never had home and the homeland seemed so dear and beautiful to her. Never had the things she had sacrificed seemed so precious.

Once more, in her imagination, she had been roaming over her native country, and had roamed her eyes on the magnificent rugged scenery of her own land, with its snowy, bold and noble mountains, deep, narrow, well-wooded valleys, its bleak plateaux, its wild ravines, picturesque lakes, its immense, wild and silent forests of birch, pine and fir trees, its superb glaciers and fjords of extreme beauty; but always her visionary flights would end in and around her home. Then she would explore the familiar rooms; and see again the pictures and everything she knew so well. Like old friends, they seemed to smile at her. There were her father and mother, from whom she had parted at such cost, made so much costlier by their discouragement of her step.

Her father had written to her: "Come home for Christmas." She fancied how eagerly they awaited her answer that she would come. Oh how she longed for a sight of those dear faces once more. How she yearned to feel the touch of her parents' embrace and the hugs of her little sister; but then, ever dogging these desires, like a detective shadowing a thief, came the remembrance of the impossibility of it, if she was to stand true to her vows—those sacred resolves. Had she not given herself up for missionary work, and could she now almost feel the hot breath of the heathen land upon her cheeks? What should she be? Where should her Christmas be spent?

Should it be a Christmas among those whom she loved, surrounded with ease and comfort, or should it be away from it all, perhaps alone? Should she turn back at the first opportunity and embrace all these allurements, or should she press on to the unknown?

Upon this issue, it was that at such a period of advance along the path of duty, a pitched battle was being fought on the battleground of her soul.

The flesh cried aloud with almost irresistible entreaty, "Back! Go home! Leave it all!—all this

dark, shadowy future." And the unknown looked up before her some vague shape, speaking harshly, tonlessly, dismally. "Abandon the *idea*!" cried the flesh. "It's a mistake."

But shouting above this voice, rang out the cry: "For ward! Remember your consecration!" and joining in the shout seemed to come the voices of the dark hosts across the waters. "Come! Come! Teach us! Help us!"

The two voices each brought their appeal. Which would she heed?

The round fur cap she had brought with her from home, seemed to link her to the homeland. If she returned, she would need it again. Should she keep it? Or should she destroy the last link which bound her to her beloved land?

Never before had the things she had left behind seemed so garlanded with attractions; they applied to her with fresh enticement now that the momentary excitement of getting away had spent itself. And now, approaching the altar where her sacrifice was to be made, she had come to a halt, and stood gazing at it, holding her sacrifice in her hand.

With fresh beauty, she saw all she was sacrificing; she thought of the delightful, happy Christmas gatherings and festivities which she would enjoy if she returned. How the faces of her father and mother would light up when they saw her! How heartily they would greet her! Her little sister—how she would run to meet her!

There would be the tobogganning down the snowy, white slopes by the light of the glorious, blazing Aurora Borealis, and then, leaving the snow, they would gather round the blazing togs and listen to father recalling the Christmases of his boyhood.

They would listen to the chiming of the Christmas bells and join in singing the sweet carols.

"Come home for Christmas!" echoed through her mind, and she fancied she heard her father's appealing voice.

Oh! how the old, bright memories of past Christmases came crowding into her mind, jostling one against the other in their endeavor to gain attention, and like old acquaintances, each made a plea to her.

Should she go?

Then the bright picture would fade, like a dissolving view, from her mind, and in its place would come another—a picture in more sombre colors—a picture of the missionary fields, the toils, the trials, the discouragements, which lay hidden behind the curtain of tomorrow. All the stories of hardship she had read came back to her and the picture seemed blacker than she had ever before seen it.

But in it she saw, with all this, the appealing faces of millions of dark heathen—children, women, and men, her brothers and each dark face seemed to be pleading with her and beckoning to her. This was the picture she had seen when she had just dedicated herself to missionary service.

But after all, she was only a girl, with a natural shrinking from life painted in such sombre colors. Could she not do some useful service in her own country? Had she not, after all, made some mistake?

And thus the conflict waged.

It was a stern struggle, victory seeming to rest one moment with the voices on one side, and the next, to lean to the other side.

But finally the issue was decided.

The young Swedish girl's tender, compassionate heart, full of the Christ love, could not bear in vain the entreating cries of the dark heathen multitudes, nor turn unheeding from their beckonings.

To the enticements she turned her back. She faced the cross.

As the Major watched wonderingly, the girl unclenched her hand and her fur cap dropped, and was soon a plaything of the swirling waters. The last link with her homeland was severed.

She had advanced to the altar. The sacrifice—her dearest and best—now other than her own, young promising life—was laid upon it.

That Christmas the merry bells of the homeland were not heard by her ears; but sweet carols rang in her heart, and angels sang to her—sweeter carols than she had ever heard.



COME with me in for south-west, in eyes and ears and thinking, viz., the marchion Army through the march! Here you listen! Please, attention, please. A Flag cure.

There are many Flags.

Yes. As the brave along under the bridge street, with hundreds marching in front of them to see the Flag by the Principals carried by the Sergeants. But it is not Flags we must notice, Flag. The one right in.

Look! It comes! It is a phenomenon on duty, and with keen and appreciative the ranks pass by on he understands the Flag goes by, who carries it.

We must not make supposing that the erect Color Sergeant, to whom you are introduced representative of all and Salvation march. True, the spirit of the drummer is sufficiently distinct amongst the many Corps call for special remarks.

Let us march along Sergeant, and if, as he alone, there is a suggestion with either foot, or if he gives muddy to the flag pole, as the flutter keep the facts in mind, a significance in this, also to remember that what speaks in the sometimes he cries:

My chains fell off. I rose, went forth. Thee.

And the words have been, that they might have lived them.

And this brings us subject of our story in our much respected Corps, each over, awaiting the soon.

Mark well the answers to the questions we put.

When was I ever seven years ago on the day?

Where? Why did I take the rest of the life I was to be, not have gone to school at all.

I was in a bad way. Silently, I fell to be quelled the trouble which met me.

What brought me? I was tired of the work going on and very do

two who can explain it? I said to my wife, come to the Salvati

turn over a new leaf?

"Will you?" she said. "It was a wonderful thing to say. She knew I public-house without a

know all my terrible "Yes, I will!" was of we both went to



—J. L. H.

## ROISM.

dark, shadowy future." And the unknown loomed up before her as some vague, shadowy, speaking darkness, loneliness, discouragement. "Abandon the ideal!" cried the flesh. "It's a mistake."

But shouting above this voice rang out the cry, "Forward! Remember your comrades joining in the shout seemed to voices of the dark hosts across the sea! Come! Teach us! Help us!" voices each brought their appeal to her head?

Her cap she had brought with her seemed to link her to the homeland, and she would need it again. Should she should she destroy the last link to her beloved land?

She had the things she had left before garlanded with attractions; they with fresh enticement now that the excitement of getting away had spent now, approaching the altar where her love to be made, she had come to a halt, looking at it, holding her sacrifice in her

beauty, she saw all she was sacrificing of the delightful, happy Christmases and festivities which she would return. How the faces of her mother would light up when they saw earthly they would greet her! Her how she would run to meet her! It would be the tobogganning down the slopes by the light of the glistening Borealis, and then, leaving the cold gather round the blazing logs father recalling the Christmases of

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than the merry bells of the home-

Heard by her ears; but sweet bells

part, and angels sang to her sweater

she had ever heard.



## LOVE AT THE GATE

BY LIEUT COLONEL WM. NICHOLSON

COME with me in fancy to a town far southwest, and let us fix eyes and ears and heart on one thing, viz., the march of The Salvation Army through the town. Why this march? Keep your eyes open, listen! Here they come. Now all attention, please. A Flag will be the one.

There are many Flags you can say."

Yes. As the brave array creeps along under the bridge in the main street, with hundreds of tovessfolk marching in front of the others, we see the Flags of the many Open-air Brigades carried by the Brigade Color Sergeants. But it is not the Brigade Flags we must notice, but the Corps Flag. The one right in front.

Look! It comes! It is passing the police-man on duty, and he watches with keen and appreciative eyes as the ranks pass him on line. Surely he understands the significance of The Salvation Army procession! Now, as the Flag goes by, note the man who carries it.

We must not make the mistake of supposing that the erect and soldierly Color Sergeant, to whom, with all this, you are introduced, is really representative of all and sundry in the Salvation march. True, he represents the spirit of the others, but his career is sufficiently distinctive, even amongst the many Corps trophies, to call for special remark.

Let us march abreast the Color Sergeant, and as he goes smartly along, there is a suggestion of draw with either foot, or if his wrists seem to give way in the strain of the flag pole, as the fluttering Colors pull, keep the facts in mind; there may be a significance in this. It will be well, also to remember that the Color Sergeant speaks in the Open-air, and sometimes he cries:

My chains fell off, My soul was free;  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

And the words have more weight than they might have if you or I uttered them.

And this brings us at last to the subject of our story in the person of our much-respected Comrade who, the march over, awaits in the Officer's room.

Mark well the answers he gives to the questions we put.

"When was I converted? Why, eleven years ago, on the 15th of February."

"Where? In this very hall?"

"Why did I take that step? I was sick of the life I was living, and I could not have gone on living unless I had altered."

"I was in a bad way? Yes, that I was?" Silence fell for a spell while he quelled the troubled recollections which moved within his memory.

"What brought me to a decision? I was tired of the way I had been going on and very disheartened. One night (who can explain why I did say this?) I said to my wife, 'Look here, I'm going to The Salvation Army! I'll turn over a new leaf!'

"'With you?' she said, eagerly. You see it was a wonderful thing for me to say. She knew I could not pass a public-house without going in, and she knew all my terrible career."

"'Yes, I will!' was my answer, and off we both went to The Salvation

Army. That was on a Friday night, and on the Saturday, when we went again, something took a mighty hold of me. I didn't know what was the matter, but I was very miserable and restless. Then, all at once, almost before I realized it, I was on my feet. I stood up, scarcely knowing what I was doing, as he was drunk at the time. I made my way to the pentitent-farm, and before I reached it the Saviour met me.

"It is impossible for me to put into words what I felt but I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was saved when I knelt at the Mercy Seat, where I prayed to God to help me. Another thing I know is this: Though I was drunk when I went to the front, when I rose from my knees I was perfectly well.

"about your father?"

"He was a drunkard."

"She, too, was I am sorry to say, a drunkard."

Looking down the sheltered years through which we had come, we wandered where we should have been had we been reared in such a rude cradle as that of our comrade and if we had been "trained" as he had been, with kick and curse.

"Never had a chance? Not the ghost of one, and I served twenty-two years.

"Why? Well, I suppose I was up against things and was a rebel. As the old saying goes, 'An' I enlisted for the Army. I joined the Forces in 1882, and I was difficult to 'break in,' I suppose. You may be surprised to know a good deal about the inside of military prisons.

"Part of my military service was in the 20th 'Holy Boys,' Norfolk Regiment, but I got my discharge from that regiment through fraud, and I enlisted in the artillery. I served in India for six years. I got on pretty well but there. Drink was always a terrible thing with me. I have had £25 in my possession; not a small sum for a soldier in those days, and in less than a week every penny would be gone, then my kit would be sold and I would be in rags.

"I wish I could have had a chance like the young people of this Corps have, for instance. Then the story would have been a very different one."

"No, I was not the only little chap with such an unhappy beginning. There were others like me. Why, in the old days, when at Dartmoor, I have seen more boys serving life sentences. I have had the rons on in that convict settlement and it's far from pleasant I can tell you."

Through our comrade talks to us of prison experiences in Norwich, Ipswich, Colchester, and the like, it is of Dartmoor to which he returns

again and again. Evidently he has something more to tell, so we ventured another question.

"Were you married?" The grey eyes shone with happy light.

"Yes, I am married!"

"Your long absences must have been hard on your wife."

"My wife was splendid. She stuck to me. When I came out she was always there. Told you a good woman's love is a wonderful thing. It is like the love of God. The love that saves. She had bad luck with the weather whenever she walked to Dartmoor, a journey of over thirty miles, and, as a rule, rained heavily, but she trudged on with her worn-out boots, amid the mud and slush, all in order to get near me.

"Over thirty miles?"

"Why, that's nothing to what she did when I was due to come out. She tramped every step of the way, and so did our little girl (who like my wife now wears full Army uniform) right from a northern town to Dartmoor."

"What?" we exclaim in astonishment. "Surely you are mistaken! Why that's a long way is it?"

"Four hundred miles: the way she went, anyway. That's what I mean when I say that the love of a good woman is like the love of God; the love that saves. That was the sort of thing that helped to save me. Yes, trundling if you care to measure it up, the whole of the journey my wife took, coming south through Stafford, and so on to Dartmoor, you'll find I'm pretty well within the mark.

"My wife's shoes were practically gone; her feet were blistered, cut and bleeding; and it was the same with the little girl. But they kept on until they came to the great prison where I was. Yes, mine, too, had been a long, hard journey; but, as you say, part of the way, at any rate, I had love to lighten it. When in my lonely cell, for years and years, I never looked back to those from whom I had sprung; I looked forward to meeting my wife. I knew she was waiting, and that was my great stand-by and it helped me. The fact that she did not fail, that love was waiting at the gate for the time when I should come out, helped to prepare me to realize that, through all the lonely years, the Saviour who met me on the way to the Mercy Seat had been waiting for me, blos, His Name.

"Can you wonder—can you wonder—  
Can you wonder why it is I love  
Him so?"

"When I think of what He's done for  
me, the guilty one.  
Can you wonder why it is I love  
Him so?"

As we left him our comrade showed us a photograph. It showed a group of Salvationists amongst whom was the wife who had waited. Her bright face was haled (may we not say?) by a Salvation Army bonnet. The little daughter was there, too, in full uniform and no longer little, and on the other side stood the Salvationist husband and in his arms a little child. His head was resting near the sleeve of the Color Sergeant, who, when he looked upon the innocent face of the little one, felt very tender and his thoughts were too deep for words.

Then, as though breaking out of the depths of his nature, there came the exclamation, touched with telling emphasis, "In and through the mercy of God, I'll prove worthy!"

# Salvation Army League of Nations



**F**EW ORGANIZATIONS perhaps in the world have done more to establish an international community of interest than The Salvation Army. Under the impulsion of an affection which knew no national boundaries, the Founder was led to extend the scope of his labors. In many directions and in many ways, the workers were spread across the world, and in many, two particular ways. The Army has developed and thus evidently endeavored to promote international understandings. The language barrier has been surmounted and the personal contact road to success made has been traversed.

**Need was Supplied**

There were few linguists in The Army during its early years, but the need was supplied as it arose. Officers who were hard put to it by reason of their position and duty discovered within themselves an ability which carried them over the initial difficulties, and God invariably used them for the conversion of people who could only speak the language of the country to which the Army was carried. The pioneer English Officer who arrived in Holland with no knowledge of the language equipped him for the opening meeting by taking in a working class quarter of Amsterdam by committing to memory a Dutch prayer of five words, "O Lord, save soul of girl." The meeting commander, he told on his knees and repeated that same sentence over and again. God honored his courage, thirty people were saved that night and from amongst them translators were immediately found.

**Urgent Character**

That was many years ago. Quite recently, however, a pioneer Officer to India or land had great difficulty in approaching

the native people until he discovered an interpreter. This man, though a skilled linguist, was not an interpreter in character, so the Salvationists had to find a business man to act as interpreter converted. This accomplished, the two accomplished the two most difficult parts to the other could make himself understood in the vernacular.

Between these two extremes lies a wealth of unreported romance. The Army now employs nearly every language, from the most common and tongue, to obscure African and Indian dialects. One officer learned seventeen languages by going into the market place and peering about them, a translation of the talk which he did not understand. The more mistakes he made the more corrections he received from the native natives, who probably thought he was speaking from a depth of the sea. They thus helped to teach him the language.

In another corner of the world a committee has lately completed the translation of German Scripture into the dialect of a language or whose language there is little written or used. Working in China at the present time and translating the language with special aptitude from English, Australian, Canadian and half a dozen European languages, the language of which others now spoken in Japan, Korea, Thailand, China, Finland, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Russia, Spain, Portugal, the Scandinavians and the more commonly spoken languages of Europe, who scores of European officers have acquired a knowledge of English as a result of their Salvation Army educational experience.

**Uniting The Army**

This great interlace of tongues has had the effect of uniting The Army and of enabling us officers to reach the masses with the message of Salvation, as well as promoting an international understanding which has far-reaching influence outside The Army's ranks. The other information that an English Officer can speak to the lives of an unknown Indian village in their own tongue, not only greatly increases the power of the Army rapidly understanding the plan of Salvation, but adds prestige to the whole white race. General Judgments allow individual encounters the world over.

Mistakes, of course, have occurred. One officer remembers with amazement, if not with chagrin, an occasion when, attempting to teach an Army corps, he noticed unswarzed bairns and afterwards discovered that he had been entirely in earnest. "Follow, follow, I will follow the psalms in mistake, for I will follow Jesus."

Such a exits or members of the congregation from the Hall in the middle of a meeting owing to the confusion between "Sit down!" and "Go up!" have been and still are common occurrences, but the efficiency of Salvationists as linguists is gradually recognized.

**Romance Still Greater**

In the realm of the printed word the romance is still greater, for of the ninety-two publications bearing The Army's crest, the great majority are printed in foreign tongues. From Peking to Accra, Helsinki

to San Francisco and Buenos Aires, "The War Cry" can be purchased. Each has its own story. When the first South African "War Cry" was published, one of the many revolutions was threatening the line of Bitterfontein, and all newsmen were suspended by law. The Captain, who constituted practically the whole of The Army in the city, had a thousand copies of his newspaper to sell and to understand little of the position, So he started the paper about his newspaper shop and started out as he had done many times in the home and

Crying the paper in the street he was immediately surrounded by excited people thinking he had news of the war and his thousand copies were nearly all sold when a police officer arrived on the spot. This issue contained an article by a General in Bloemfontein and in this by a former soldier, occurred the phrase "From the President down to the man in the street." As though compelled by some magnetic force the eye of the police official travelled straight to this sentence. So great was the narrowness of the street.

The International Linguistic Link which The Army affords has been strengthened by the constant interchanges of officers who by reason of their position, less or at any rate subordinate, may of their nationalities. At the present time a Swedish officer commands the Army in the Argentine, a Norwegian in Denmark, a Dane in Holland, an Englishman in China, a Swede in Germany, an Englishman in England, a Holland in Belgium, a Swiss in Czechoslovakia, an Englishman in Sweden, another Hollander in Switzerland whilst many officers can look back upon service in half a dozen different countries. International members passed countries in the majority of people look upon towns and a change from England to India, Australia to Sweden, China to South America or the back roads to Newfoundland, is possible at any time. Nearly three thousand officers have gone from England to carry the news of salvation overseas, the vast majority to non-Christian countries. Some have said that others, officers from those countries are now working in the United States, Canada, India, Java, South America, China and Korea. In South America there are officers whose nationalities include Argentine, Uruguayan, Chilean, Peruvian, Brazilian, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Italian, Swiss, Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch, German, French and American. They can all agree because they all possess a common heart objective.

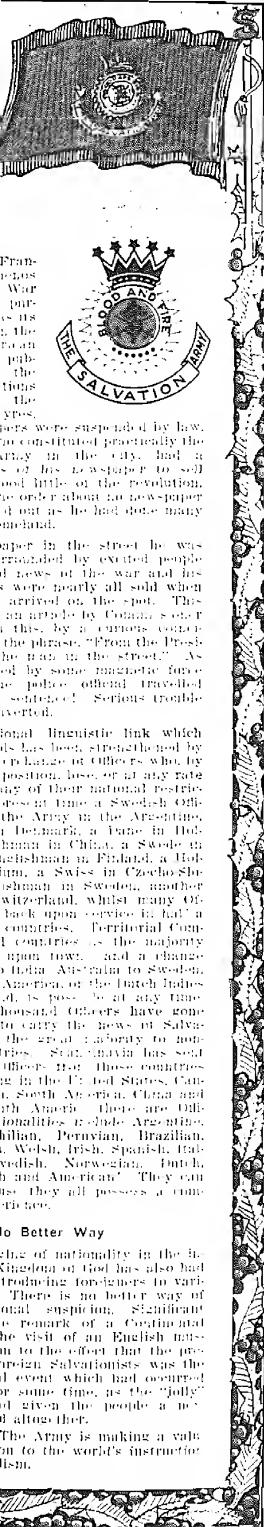
**No Better Way**

This submergence of nationality in the interests of the Kingdom of God has also had the effect of introducing foreigners to various countries. There is no better way of removing national suspicion, suspicion based on the remark of a continental journal upon the visit of an English naval organization to the effect that the presence of the foreign Salvationists was the beginning of a political event which had occurred in that port for some time, as the polyglot English had given the people a taste of England all over there.

In this way The Army is making a valuable contribution to the world's instruction in internationalism.

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SALVATIONISTS  
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so constituted practically the  
Army in the city, had a  
s of his newspaper to sell  
and little of the revolution  
in order about his newspaper  
put out as he had done many  
times.

paper in the street he was  
engaged by excited people  
news of the war and his  
s were nearly all sold when  
arrived on the spot. This  
an article in Canada's war  
this, by a German, containing  
the phrase "From the Presi-  
he ran in the street." As  
ed by some magmatic force  
the police official travelled  
sentenced. Serious trouble  
arrested.

onal Linguistic Link which  
s has been strengthened by  
a change of officers who, by  
position, base, or at any rate  
of their national restrictions  
at time a Swedish Officer  
the Army in the Argentine,  
in Denmark, a Dane in Hol-  
land, a Swede in China, a Swede in  
Finland, a Holland, a Swiss in  
Czechoslovakia in Sweden, another  
Swede in another, whilst many  
back upon service in half a  
countries. Territorial Com-  
1 countries is the majority  
upon town, and a change  
India, Australia to Sweden,  
American, or the Dutch Indies  
is possible at any time.  
housand Officers have gone  
to carry the news of Salv-  
the great majority to non-  
ries. Santa Claus has sold  
officers from those countries  
in the U.S. and States, Can-  
South America, China and  
North America. There are  
nations in Argentina, Chilean,  
Peruvian, Brazilian, Spanish, Ital-  
ian, Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Ital-  
ian, Welsh, Norwegian, Dutch  
and American. They can  
us, they all possess a com-  
plete.

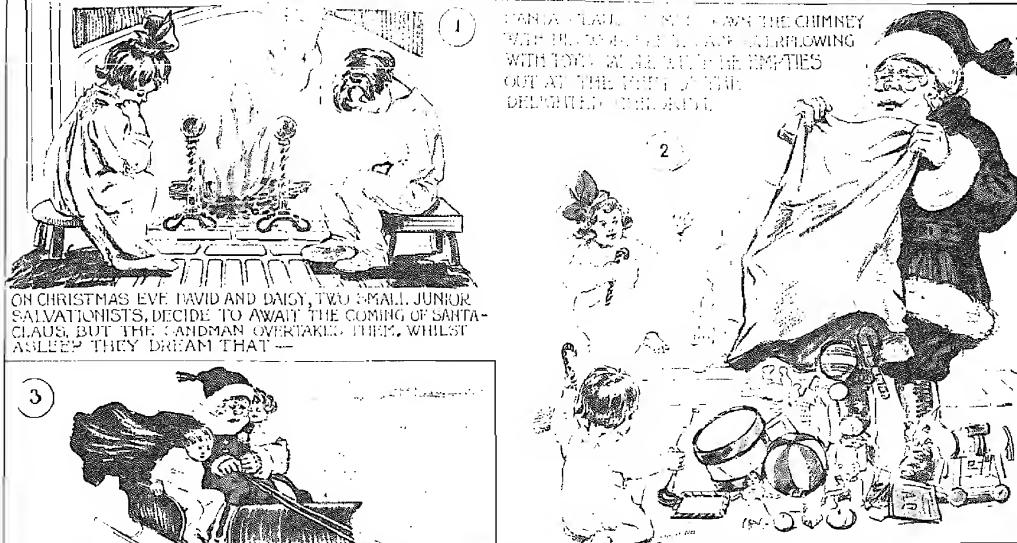
#### the Better Way

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tionism.

## A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN.



ON CHRISTMAS EVE DAVID AND DAISY, TWO SMALL JUNIOR SALVATIONISTS, DECIDE TO AWAIT THE COMING OF SANTA CLAUS, BUT THE ANDMAN OVERTAKE THEM. WHILST ASLEEP THEY DREAM THAT—



THE JOLLY OLD FELLOW INVITES THEM TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON HIS VISIT TO ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS THEY KNOW.



SANTA CLAUS IS UP WITH THE CHIMNEY AND THE SACK IS OVERFLOWING WITH TOYS. AS HE LEFT THE EMPTIES OUT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DELIGHTED CHILDREN.



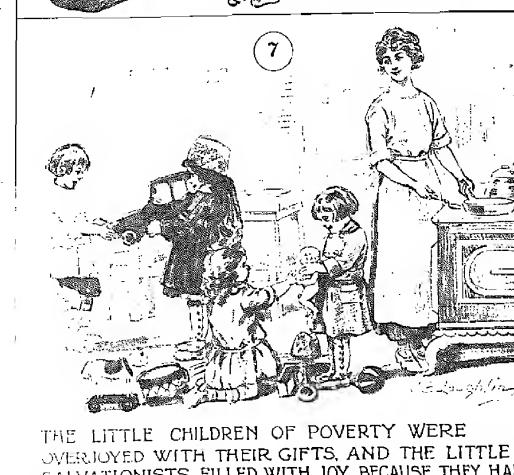
AFTER SEEING THE STOCKINGS OF ALL THEIR PLAYMATES FILLED TO OVERFLOWING SANTA TAKES THEM TO A POORER PART OF THE TOWN TO THE HOME OF ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL AND BOY. SANTA'S SACK BEING EMPTY, THESE CHILDREN WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT TOYS.



THEY AWAKEN CHRISTMAS MORNING TO FIND THAT SANTA CLAUS HAS LEFT THEM ALL KINDS OF BEAUTIFUL TOYS.



BUT IN THEIR JOY DAVID AND DAISY DID NOT FORGET THE POOR CHILDREN, SO TOOK THEM SOME OF THEIR NEW PLAYTHINGS.



THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF POVERTY WERE OVERJOYED WITH THEIR GIFTS, AND THE LITTLE SALVATIONISTS FILLED WITH JOY BECAUSE THEY HAD BEEN KIND TO THE POOR. WON'T YOU, TOO, REMEMBER THE POOR THIS CHRISTMASTIDE?

# HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark, the herald angels sing  
 "Glory to the new-born King!  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild;  
 God and sinners reconciled."

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;  
 Hail the incarnate Deity !  
 Pleased as man with men to appear,  
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,  
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !  
 Life and light to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die ;  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.  
 Come, Desire of nations, come,  
 Fix in us Thy humble home ;  
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.



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